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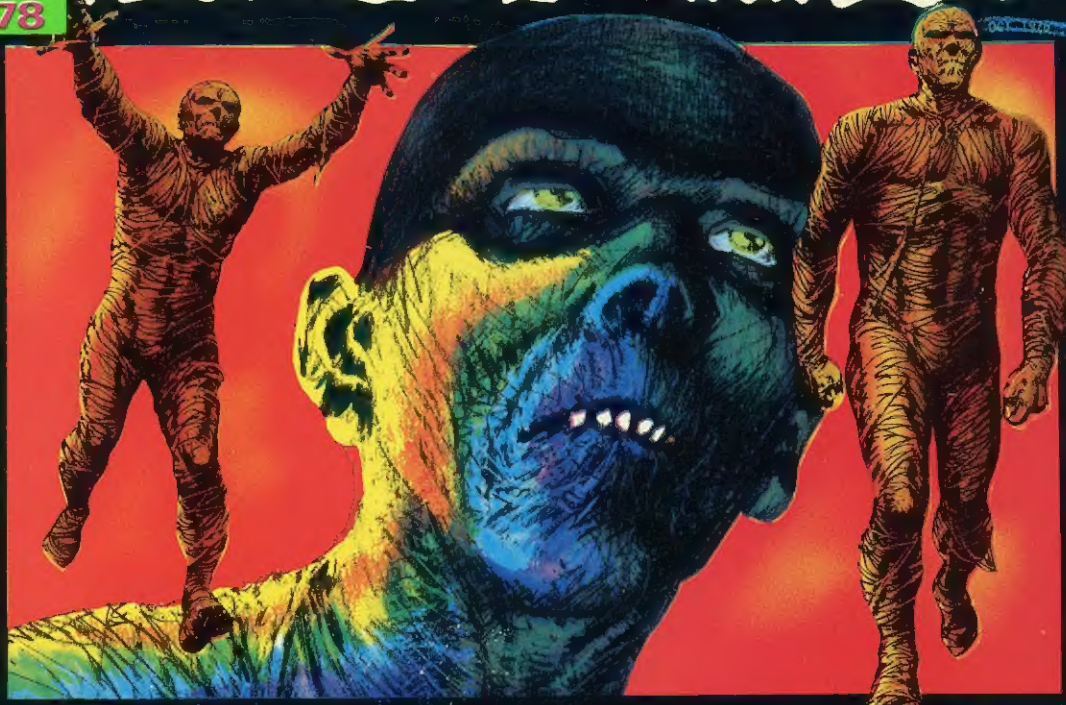
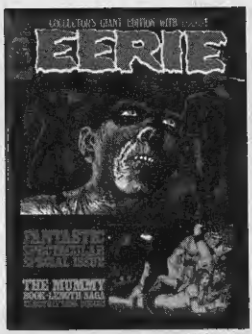


FANTASTIC SPECTACULAR SPECIAL ISSUE

THE MUMMY
BOOK-LENGTH SAGA
ELECTRIFYING COLOR!

SPECIAL ISSUE TIME AGAIN, GHOULS AND BOYS! AND DOES YOUR OLD COUSIN EERIE HAVE A SAGA LINED UP JUST FOR YOU!
SIX FULL-LENGTH, FANTASY-FILLED ADVENTURES TELL OF THE EXPLOITS OF A TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD MUMMY! A MUMMY WHO LIVES... AND WALKS... TO HAUNT THE STREETS OF CAIRO!
THE MUMMY... HERO... VILLAIN... KILLER...! HIS COMPLETE STORY RETOLD! ENCORE, JEROME CURRY, MUMMY!



OUR COVER
Action! Excitement! Adventure! Horror! THE MUMMY WALKS! In this giant-sized book. On the excellent cover with art by Jaime Brocal. Lifelike color by Bill DuBay.

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EERIE®

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PROLOGUE

THEY HEARD THE CLUMPING ON THE STAIRS OUTSIDE... IT WAS ***LOUD...***

...BUT NOT ***THAT*** LOUD... JUST ANOTHER DRUNK... OR SO THEY THOUGHT...! ANOTHER LONELY MAN WHO HAD TRIED TO DROWN HIS LONELINESS IN ***ALE...!***

CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP

SUBCONSCIOUSLY, THEY ***BOTH*** IDENTIFIED WITH HIM A BIT ... PROBABLY A MAN WHO LIVED IN ONE OF THE APARTMENTS AT THE OTHER END OF THE HALL, COMING HOME, DRUNK AND ALONE...!

...THEY HAD BOTH KNOWN LONELINESS... AND THEY HELD EACH OTHER CLOSE, GLAD TO HAVE ONE ANOTHER, AT LEAST FOR THIS ***ONE*** NIGHT...!

CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP

BUT THEN, THE CLUMPING STOPPED, JUST OUTSIDE HER DOOR, AND THE NAUSEATING STENCH OF ***DECAY*** WASHED OVER THEM ...THE SCENT OF IMPENDING ***DEATH...!***

IT WAS A MOMENT THAT SEEMED TO LAST ***FOREVER...*** ALL WAS SILENT... AND THEY LAY THERE, PUZZLED, FRIGHTENED, CONFUSED, UNABLE TO MOVE, STARING AT THE DOOR, WAITING FOR... THEY KNEW NOT ***WHAT...!***

THEN...

...THEN IT CAME ... THE ROTTEN, WORM-RIDDEN WOOD *SPLINTERED*, SMASHED BY THE UNBELIEVABLY POWERFUL THRUST OF A MASSIVE APPENDAGE ... AND *IT* WAS UPON THEM ...!

THE MUMMY WALKS!

SMRASH!

OH MY GOD! WHAT IS--?

GOOD LORD! C'MON! WE'VE--!

THE DEATH OF A FRIEND!

SCRAMBLING IN ABJECT FEAR THEY TRIED TO *RUN ... REACT ...* BUT THEIR ACTIONS CAME *TOO LATE ...!*

STORY: STEVE SKEATES/ART: JAIME BROCAL

WHAT **IS** THIS CREATURE? AND, WHY HAS IT ***BURST*** ***INTO MY*** APARTMENT? THESE QUESTIONS DID NOT OCCUR TO HER. SHE KNEW ONLY FEAR, AS SHE BACKED AWAY...

...BACKED AWAY INTO THE DARK RECESSES OF HER MIND, HER CONSCIOUSNESS *SLOWLY* SLIPPING AWAY. SHE FELT HERSELF FALLING...

...BUT THEN, SHE WAS CAUGHT BY MASSIVE HANDS... HANDS THAT DID NOT SEEK TO CRUSH, BUT LIFTED HER GENTLY...!

SHE LOOKED MOMENTARILY THROUGH THE HAZE OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS INTO THE CREATURE'S EYES...

...THEN, TRIED TO TEAR HER EYES ***AWAY***...BUT COULDN'T...! THE CREATURE'S GAZE WAS BURNING INTO HERS... NEARLY HYPNOTIZING HER...!

THEN, IT SEEMED THAT THE CREATURE'S ***THOUGHTS*** WERE BURNING INTO HER MIND... AS THOUGHT IT WERE TRYING... TO ***COMMUNICATE*** WITH HER...!

IT WAS REPULSIVE... THE THOUGHT OF LETTING THIS THING GET INTO HER MIND... AND, AT FIRST, SHE FOUGHT... ***FOUGHT*** THE THOUGHTS...

...BUT SHE WAS ***WEAK***...! SHE COULD NOT FIGHT... SHE COULD DO ***NOTHING*** TO RESIST THE SUPERIOR WILL OF THIS...THIS MONSTROSITY...!

THEN... SLOWLY... ***ITS*** THOUGHTS FLOODED HER MIND, BLENDING WITH HER ***OWN*** THOUGHTS ...AND FINALLY... SHE ***KNEW***...!

SUDDENLY, HIS GRIP TIGHTENED AND HIS HANDS REACHED FOR HER NECK... AS THOUGH THIS WERE ALL HE HAD WANTED... FOR HER TO RECOGNIZE HIM... AND NOW HE WOULD END IT ALL!
WHA..?
N-NO... J-JEROME... Y-YOU CAN'T--!
W-WHY ME ...JEROME...

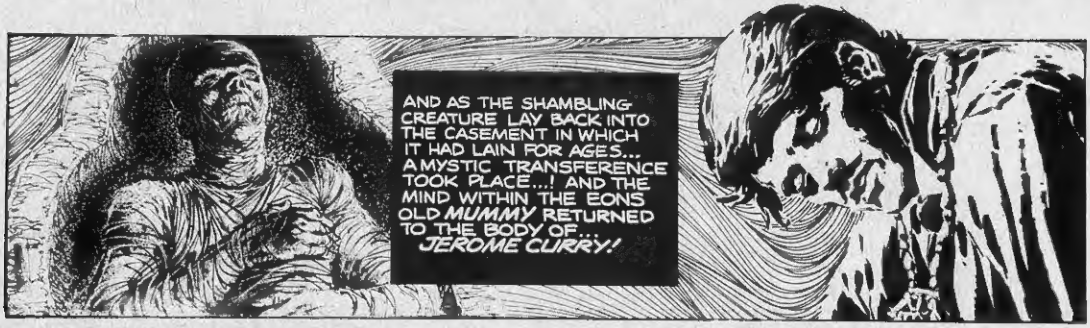
W...WHY MEEEEE--?
SNAP

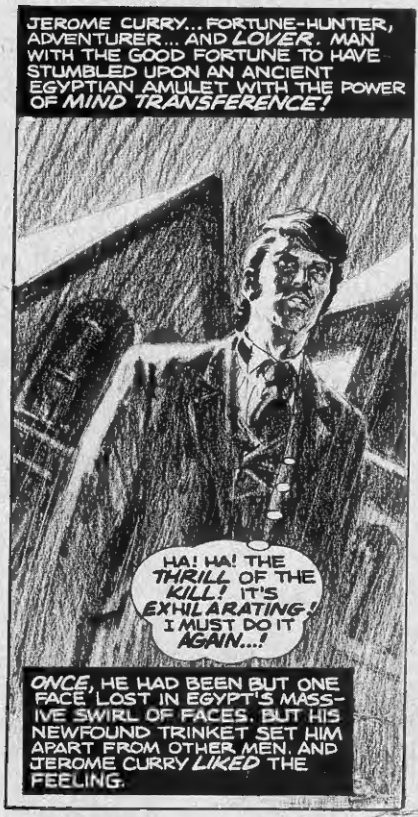
BUT THE ONLY RESPONSE TO THE GIRL'S FINAL, CONFUSED QUESTION, WAS THE SOUND OF HER OWN NECK...SPLINTERING...!

THEN...THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT STREETS OF EGYPT IN THE EARLY 1900'S IT SHAMBLED... CAREFUL NOT TO BE SEEN...!
DEAR, WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
OH... IT'S PROBABLY JUST A GARBAGE WAGON! GO BACK TO SLEEP!

FINALLY THE THING APPROACHED A DARKENED MUSEUM... AND THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT WAS DEAFENING...!

HERE WAITED ITS SARCOPHAGUS... AND AN APPARENTLY UNCONSCIOUS MAN...!

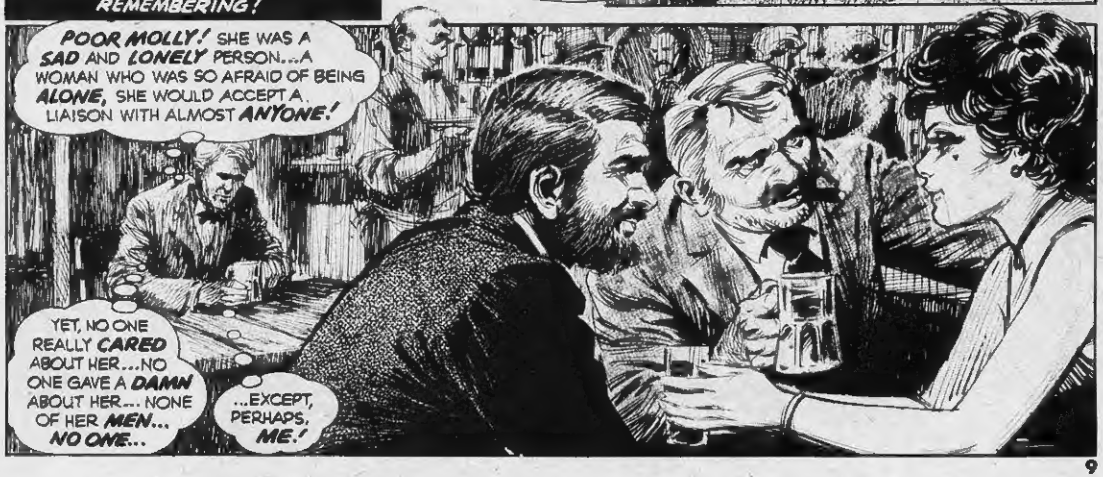

AND AS THE SHAMBLING CREATURE LAY BACK INTO THE CASEMENT IN WHICH IT HAD LAIN FOR AGES... A MYSTIC TRANSFERENCE TOOK PLACE...! AND THE MIND WITHIN THE EONS OLD MUMMY RETURNED TO THE BODY OF... JEROME CURRY!


JEROME CURRY... FORTUNE-HUNTER, ADVENTURER... AND LOVER. MAN WITH THE GOOD FORTUNE TO HAVE STUMBLED UPON AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN AMULET WITH THE POWER OF MIND TRANSFERENCE!
HA! HA! THE THRILL OF THE KILL! IT'S EXHILARATING! I MUST DO IT AGAIN...!
ONCE, HE HAD BEEN BUT ONE FACE LOST IN EGYPT'S MASSIVE SWIRL OF FACES. BUT HIS NEWFOUND TRINKET SET HIM APART FROM OTHER MEN. AND JEROME CURRY LIKED THE FEELING.

YET, BECAUSE OF JEROME CURRY'S ACTIONS THIS NIGHT, ANOTHER MAN... DOUGLAS HINDLEY, CAN ONLY FEEL SHOCK AND DISGUST!
MY GOD! OH, MY GOD!
DOUG FOUND HIMSELF STANDING IN THE BACKGROUND AS THE POLICE BEGAN THEIR INVESTIGATION...!
NOTHING MUCH TO GO ON! JUST THIS STRANGE GRAY DIRT ON THE VICTIMS' THROATS!
WHERE'S THAT YOUNG MAN WHO FOUND THE BODIES?
RIGHT HERE, SIR!

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, IT'S ALL RATHER SIMPLE ACTUALLY... I WAS COMING UP HERE AND SAW THAT THE DOOR HAD BEEN SMASHED IN, SO--!
HOLD ON A MINUTE, PLEASE... AND BE KIND ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHAT YOU WERE DOING HERE?

A FEW MORE QUESTIONS AND THEN HE WAS RELEASED..! DOUG SPENT THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON IN A DRAMSHOP...THINKING... REMEMBERING!



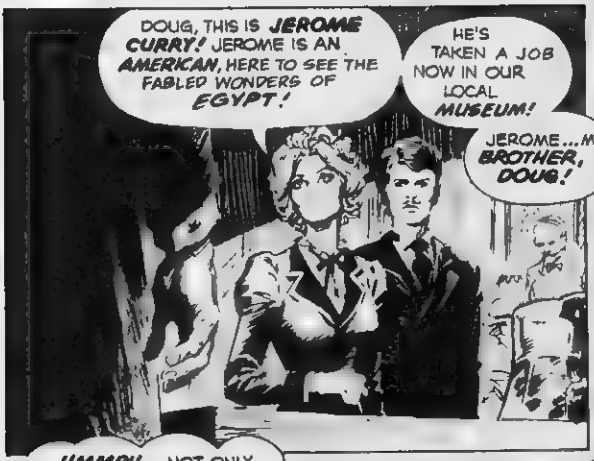
AND THE SADDEST THING IS... NOBODY CARES NOW, EITHER!
IF SHE WERE AN IMPORTANT PERSON, THE POLICE WOULD REALLY INVESTIGATE HER DEATH! BUT FOR HER, THEY WON'T EVEN HALF-TRY!

HER LIFE WAS HARD!
AND SOMETIMES I GOT THE FEELING THAT SHE WANTED TO DIE... BUT COULDN'T BRING HERSELF TO TAKE HER OWN LIFE!
I USED TO THINK THAT IF DEATH CAME HER WAY, PERHAPS SHE WOULD EMBRACE IT!

BUT STILL, IF I EVER FIND OUT WHO KILLED HER, I'LL--!
DOUG! I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU!
HUNH?

I KNEW I'D FIND YOU IN A PLACE LIKE THIS! THE TROUBLE IS... THERE ARE SO MANY PLACES LIKE THIS!
WELL, SIS...! I'LL SAY ONE THING... YOU'RE AS OUT OF PLACE HERE AS A GEM WOULD BE IN A CESSPOOL! I TRUST YOU'RE NOT UNESCORTED!
CERTAINLY NOT!

THAT, AS A MATTER OF FACT, IS WHY I WANTED TO SEE YOU!
I WANT YOU TO MEET THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN CALLING UPON ME LATELY! AND SINCE YOU'RE SO SELDOM HOME, I DECIDED WE'D COME FIND YOU!


DOUG, THIS IS JEROME CURRY! JEROME IS AN AMERICAN, HERE TO SEE THE FABLED WONDERS OF EGYPT!
HE'S TAKEN A JOB NOW IN OUR LOCAL MUSEUM!
JEROME...MY BROTHER, DOUG!

GLAD TO MEET YOU, DOUG!
LIKEWISE!
SIS HAS ALWAYS HAD A TENDENCY TO GO OUT WITH ABSOLUTE UPPER-CRUST CREEPS ... AND THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE NO EXCEPTION!
BUT THAT'S HARDLY ANY CONCERN OF MINE!

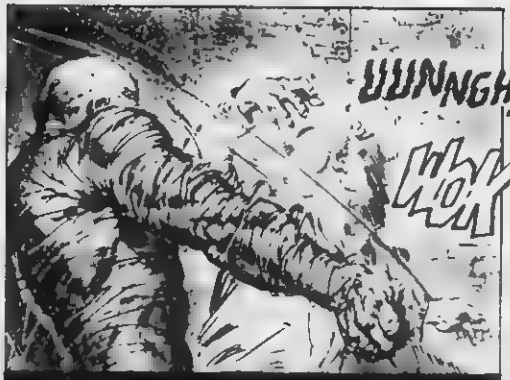
HMMPH... NOT ONLY IS THIS ONE A CREEP... HE'S A DULLARD AS WELL...!
HE'S HARDLY SAID TWO WORDS SINCE I INVITED THEM TO JOIN ME!
I'M CERTAINLY NOT OFFERING HIM ANOTHER DRINK!

FINALLY...
AH, GLAD TO GET RID OF THEM!
HAD TO WATCH MY DRINKING FOR AWHILE! DIDN'T WANT TO SHOCK MY BLUE NOSED SISTER!
BUT NOW--!

MORE AND MORE ALE... OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES OF MOLLY...AND FINALLY THE FACE OF ANOTHER WOMAN HELD IN HIS HANDS...ALL THIS CAME THAT NIGHT FOR DOUGLAS HINDLEY...!

ALL THIS...AND MORE!
SCRASH!
WHA--?

FEAR SLICES THROUGH HIS INTOXICATION... FEAR SHAPES DOUG HINDLEY'S MIND INTO DISBELIEVING SOBRIETY...!



STILL, IT IS HARD TO *RUN* AFTER A NIGHT OF HEAVY DRINKING... AND ESPECIALLY HARD TO RUN *FAST*... AND SO IT WAS THAT DOUG'S HEAD WAS CAUGHT BY THE CREATURE'S ARM... AND SMASHED INTO A WALL...!

SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO DOUG... SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED *INSIDE* HIM! HE COULDN'T SEEM TO *MOVE*! BUT HE COULD STILL *SEE*... AND HE LOOKED ON AS THE CREATURE GRABBED THE GIRL BY THE SHOULDERS...

..AND NOTICED...!

AND, EVEN AS THE CREATURE WENT FOR THE NECK.. AND THE GIRL SCREAMED OUT ...DOUG BEGAN TO REALIZE...!

FINALLY, HE FORCED HIS BROKEN BODY TO MOVE...!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!
BUT...
UUU
UUUH!
YAAAAAHHHHH
SCHMMPRASH!
RAAAAAAEEEEEEEEE
THE PEOPLE WERE USED TO HEARING SCREAMS AND CRASHING SOUNDS THERE IN THE SLUMS... AND NO ONE LOOKED OUT HIS WINDOW... NO ONE CARED TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED. NO ONE KNEW THAT A YOUNG MAN HAD JUST DIED/ NO ONE EXCEPT THIS CREATURE THAT HAD KILLED HIM...! THIS THING THAT NOW SHAMBLED OFF, INTO THE WAITING DARKNESS!
YOURS IS AN UNIMPORTANT DEATH, DOUGLAS MIDDLE... YOURS TOO WILL HARDLY BE INVESTIGATED.

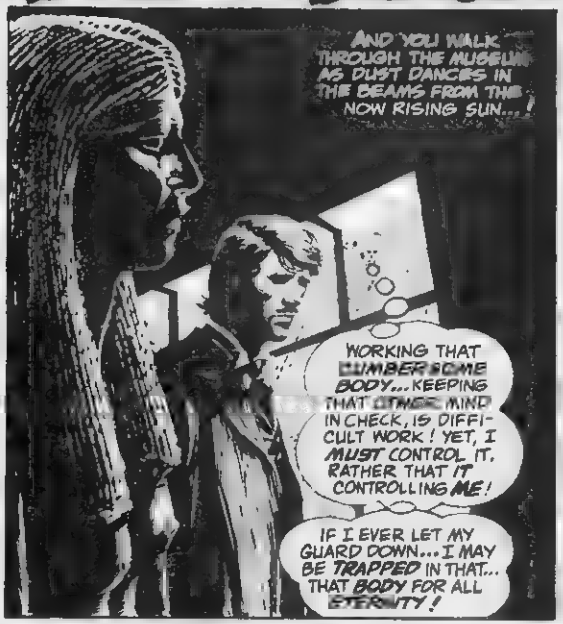
END

THE MUMMY WALKS

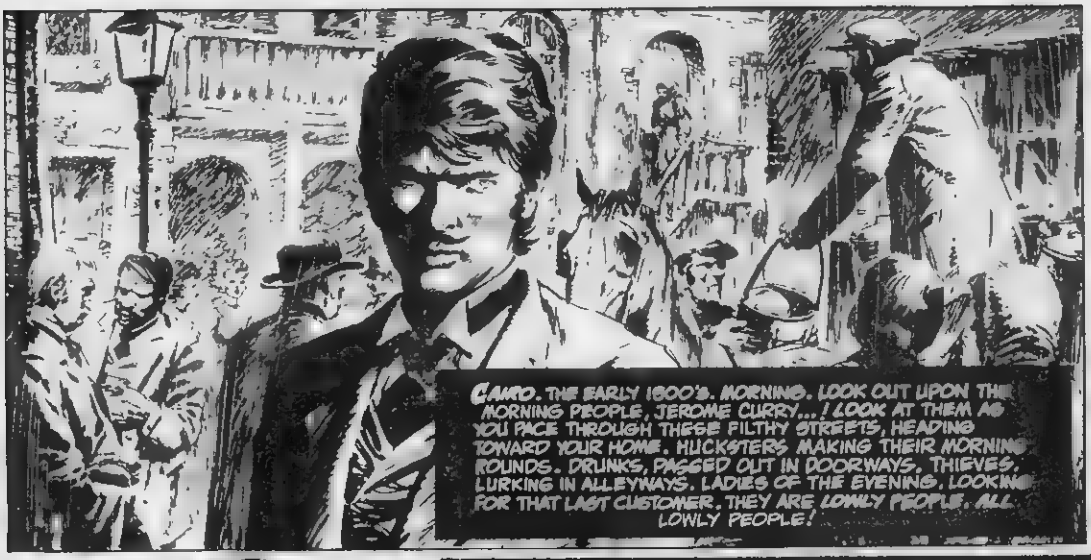
YOU CAN FEEL IT, CAN'T YOU, JEROME CURRY! YOU CAN FEEL YOUR MIND FLOATING UPWARDS... ABANDONING THE MUSKY, ROTTING BANDAGED BODY OF A MAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS DEAD! AND AS YOUR MIND ONCE AGAIN SETTLES INTO YOUR OWN FORM YOUR EYES CAN SEE MUMMIFIED REMAINS THEY HAVE LEFT BEHIND... A DEAD HUSK... A SHELL... YOUR ALTER-EGO! THE MUMMY!

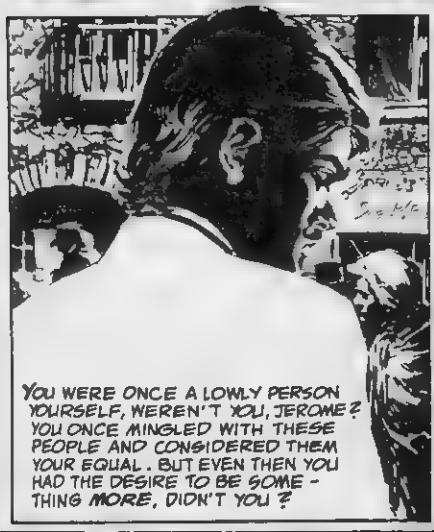
YOUR MIND...! IT IS BACK WHERE IT BELONGS NOW! YET THE INFLUENCES OF THAT OTHER MIND LINGER ON... THAT ANCIENT MIND THAT STILL LIVES IN THAT DECAYING BUT POWERFUL BODY! WITH ITS HELP YOU HAVE REALIZED POWER...! AND YOU KNOW NOW THAT WHAT IS "RIGHT" IS ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED!

THE MIND WITHIN



STORY STEVE SKEATES/ART JAIME BROCAL


CAIRO. THE EARLY 1800'S. MORNING. LOOK OUT UPON THE MORNING PEOPLE, JEROME CURRY...! LOOK AT THEM AS YOU PACE THROUGH THESE FILTHY STREETS, HEADING TOWARD YOUR HOME. HUCKSTERS MAKING THEIR MORNING ROUNDS. DRUNKS, PASSED OUT IN DOORWAYS, THIEVES, LURKING IN ALLEYWAYS. LADIES OF THE EVENING, LOOKING FOR THAT LAST CUSTOMER. THEY ARE LOWLY PEOPLE. ALL LOWLY PEOPLE!


YOU WERE ONCE A LOWLY PERSON YOURSELF, WEREN'T YOU, JEROME? YOU ONCE MINGLED WITH THESE PEOPLE AND CONSIDERED THEM YOUR EQUAL. BUT EVEN THEN YOU HAD THE DESIRE TO BE SOME-THING MORE, DIDN'T YOU?

SO YOU STUDIED... YOU STUDIED NEARLY EVERYTHING... SEARCHING... FINALLY BECOMING FASCINATED BY EGYPTOLOGY... YEARNING FOR THE POWER THAT THE EGYPTIAN PHAROHS POSSESSED...!

AND ULTIMATELY, YOU EVEN TRAVELED TO EGYPT... WHERE THE AMULET...THE ALL IMPORTANT AMULET CAME INTO YOUR POSSESSION...!
THE EGYPTIANS BELIEVED THAT THIS TRINKET COULD ENABLE ONE TO TRANSFER HIS MIND INTO THE BODY OF ANY PROPERLY PRESERVED MUMMY!

A MYTH? PERHAPS! BUT YOU PLANNED TO PUT IT TO THE TEST! YOU TOOK THAT JOB IN THE MUSEUM THEN, DIDN'T YOU, JEROME? YOU WERE EAGER TO UTILIZE THE BODY OF THE MUMMY THEY SO PROUDLY DISPLAYED!

FINALLY, YOUR CHANCE CAME! THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST TRANSFERENCE! YOU WERE TENSE, EXCITED...! AND THEN... YOU COULD FEEL YOUR MIND FLOATING... SAILING ACROSS EMPTY AIR... AND FUSING WITH THE BODY OF A CREATURE WITH ABSOLUTE POWER! YOU COULD FEEL YOUR MIND COUPLING WITH ANOTHER MIND... AN ANCIENT MIND THAT KNEW ALL THAT YOU WANTED TO KNOW.

FACES APPEARED BEFORE YOU THEN, DIDN'T THEY, JEROME?! AND YOU CAME TO REALIZE WHAT IT WAS THAT FOR SOME TIME HAD MADE YOU FEEL LIKE LESS THAN A MAN. THE FACES...! THEY BELONGED TO MOLLY, LILY, AND OTHERS WHOSE NAMES YOU HAD FORGOTTEN! WOMEN... NO, TRAMPS...! THEY WERE BUT LOWLY SLUTS WHO HAD SPURNED YOUR ADVANCES!

WHEN YOU TOO HAD BEEN LOWLY, YOU ACCEPTED THEIR ABUSE! BUT NOW... NOW YOU HAD POWER... THE ABILITY TO DO... THE CAPACITY TO ACT!

THE OTHER MIND TOLD YOU WHAT YOU HAD TO DO... FOR YOUR OWN GOOD... IN ORDER TO BELIEVE IN YOURSELF... BELIEVE IN ONLY YOURSELF! AND, YES! YOU AGREED WITH IT, DIDN'T YOU?

THESE WOMEN WOULD PAY FOR TREATING YOU AS SOMETHING LOWER THAN THEMSELVES! THROUGH THEM YOU WOULD PROVE YOUR SUPERIORITY, YOUR AUTHORITY, YOUR DOMINION!

MOLLY WAS THE FIRST! AND, AS YOU STOOD OVER THE LIFELESS BODIES OF HER AND THE ALE-SOPPED MAN SHE HAD CHOSEN FOR THE NIGHT, YOU FELT RE-BORN... NOW YOU WERE IN CONTROL. FROM NOW ON, YOU WOULD CONTROL YOUR OWN DESTINY!
AND THEN THERE WAS SUZANNE... THE WOMAN YOU HAD MET DAYS EARLIER. SHE WAS NO TRAMP! YET AT FIRST, YOU HAD BEEN AFRAID THAT SHE TOO WOULD SPURN YOU! BUT SHE DIDN'T, DID SHE, JEROME?
JEROME! A RING! OH... IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
NOW, YOU FEARED NOTHING! NOW, YOU KNEW THAT SHE WOULD BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE! FOR IF SHE EVER ASKED YOU TO STOP SEEING HER...HER LIFE WOULD END! YOU WOULD SEE TO THAT. NOW YOU HAD THE POWER! AND YOU HAD THE RIGHT!
YET, THERE WAS STILL WORK TO BE DONE...YEARS OF MISTAKES TO CORRECT! AND THAT NEXT NIGHT, YOU AGAIN TRANSFERRED...! YOU AGAIN BECAME THE MUMMY!
AND LILY WAS NEXT! YOU BROKE INTO HER ROOM AND CRUSHED HER WORTHLESS LIFE! REMEMBER HOW WONDERFUL IT FELT...EVEN MORE WONDERFUL THAN KILLING MOLLY? REMEMBER THE TINGLE OF EXCITEMENT THAT PASSED THROUGH YOUR ENTIRE BEING AS HER NECK SNAPPED AND THAT SMALL STREAM OF BLOOD TRICKLED OUT OF THE CORNER OF HER MOUTH?

AND, AS FOR THE MAN SHE WAS WITH...
FOOL! HE WON'T GET PAST ME!
WHA--? IT'S DOUG! SUZANNE'S BROTHER!
HE HEARD LILY CALL OUT MY NAME WHEN I FORCED MY THOUGHTS INTO HER MIND!
I HAVE TO DO THIS!

HMMPH! SUZANNE'S GOING TO BE UPSET ABOUT HER BROTHER'S DEATH! AND IT'S GOING TO BE UP TO ME TO COMFORT HER!
BUT THAT'LL COME LATER! IT'LL BE SOME TIME BEFORE THE BODY IS FOUND! AND RIGHT NOW, I NEED SOME SLEEP!
A BOARDING HOUSE! THIS IS WHERE YOU LIVE... AT THE MOMENT. BUT SOMEDAY SOON YOU HOPE TO HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO PURCHASE A STATELY HOME!
PERHAPS, YOU'LL EVEN HAVE THE MUMMY HELP YOU OBTAIN THE MONEY. BUT THESE THOUGHTS, TOO, WILL HAVE TO WAIT!
THE SUN RISES AND SETS SEVERAL TIMES... AND NOW YOU ARE AT A BURIAL... WATCHING A MAN YOU KILLED BEING PLACED IN THE GROUND... WHILE PROVIDING A SHOULDER FOR HIS SISTER TO CRY UPON!
AT FIRST, YOU FELT REMORSE FOR WHAT YOU DID. BUT NOW, YOU FEEL A SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT INSTEAD, AS YOU REALIZE THAT HER BROTHER'S DEATH HAS CAUSED SUZANNE TO CLING CLOSER TO YOU THAN EVER BEFORE!

THE RIDE HOME...TO HER FATHER'S HOUSE, YOU ASK YOURSELF...WHAT IS THE COLOR OF HER SADNESS... OF THE TEARS THAT ARE SPILLED UPON YOUR LAPEL ?

WHAT COMPRISES THIS ODD EMOTION THAT CAUSES HER TO GRAB YOUR HAND...AND PULL YOU ALONG WITH HER, PAST THE ROOM WHERE HER FATHER GRIEVES...UP THE STAIRS...TO HER ROOM ?

YES, WHAT IS THIS EMOTION ? IS IT SIMPLY A DESIRE TO ESCAPE...TO FLEE FROM THE TORMENT ? OR IS IT MORE ?
COME! PLEASE COMFORT ME! HELP ME FORGET!

SHE PULLS YOU...YOU FALL BESIDE HER...AND YOUR HANDS INSTINCTIVELY REACH FOR HER NECK!

HUNH? W-WHAT AM I DOING?
J-JEROME! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

THE DESIRE TO KILL IS IN YOU NOW, JEROME CURRY! BUT WHY NOW? THEN YOU REALIZE THE LAST TWO TIMES YOU WERE WITH WOMEN... ALBEIT, YOU WERE IN ANOTHER BODY, YOU KILLED! THAT IS WHY!
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME--!
I--I--!
YOU TRY TO FORM AN EXCUSE...AN EXPLANATION FOR YOUR ACTIONS! BUT YOU HAVE NONE, DO YOU, JEROME! AND IN YOUR EMBARASSMENT YOU RUN FROM YOUR BELOVED'S ROOM...!

RAGE FILLS YOUR BEING! RAGE AND FRUSTRATION! YOUR OWN STUPIDITY HAS LOST YOUR BELOVED SUZANNE FOR YOU, JEROME. YOU KNOW YOU CAN NEVER FACE HER AGAIN...!
I MUST FEEL POWER ONCE MORE!
I...I MUST KILL...! I MUST FLUSH THIS WEAKNESS OUT OF MY BODY!

YOU AGAIN ASSUME THE GUISE OF THIS DECAYING, FETID THING. THIS INSTRUMENT OF YOUR PERSONAL GROWTH...

NEVER REALIZED MY DESIRE TO KILL...TO PROVE MY POWER... WOULD BECOME SO STRONG!

IT'S ALMOST FRIGHTENS ME!

AGAIN YOU SHAMBLE THROUGH DARKENED, NEARLY DESERTED STREETS!

BUT...WHY WORRY ABOUT IT?

MY LIFE HAS CHANGED! NOW I CAN DO WHATEVER I DESIRE!

AH... MY NEXT VICTIM...!

YET, EVEN WHILE YOUR BANDAGED FORM STALKS SLOWLY, SILENTLY UPON YOUR HAPLESS PREY, YOU CAN NOT KNOW THAT YOUR TRUE BODY, JEROME CURRY, IS IN GRAVE PERIL...! FOR EVEN NOW, THIEVES ARE ENTERING YOUR MUSEUM STRONGHOLD...

...THIEVES WHO CREEP SILENTLY UPON YOUR BODY, UNAWARE THAT IT IS MINDLESS...! UNAWARE THAT IT CAN NOT HEAR OR SEE...! FOR THEY ASSUME THAT YOU, JEROME, ARE ASLEEP!

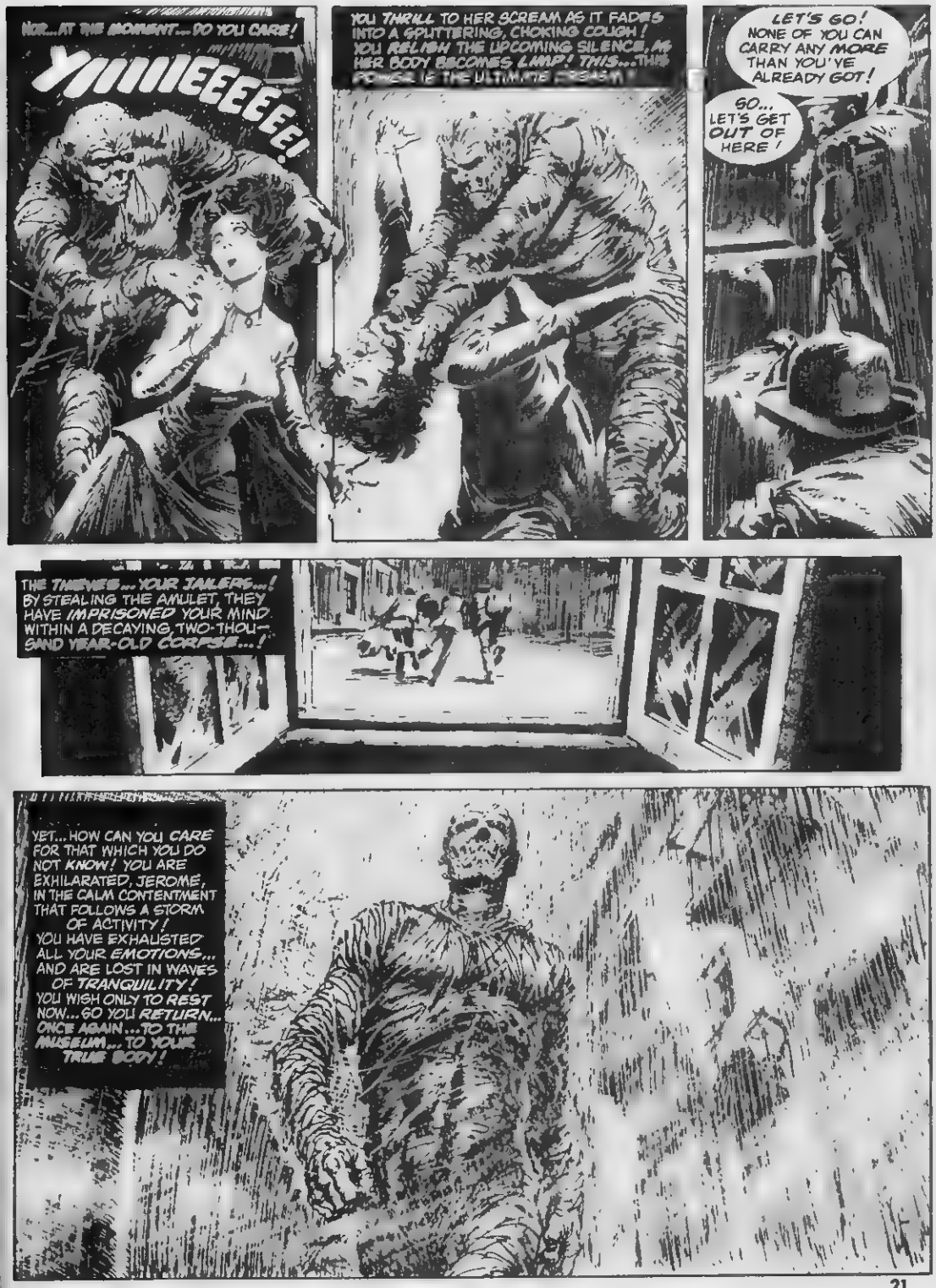
KLOMP!

THIS'LL KEEP 'IM OUT!

AH... WHAT'S THIS PRETTY BAUBLE? SHOULD BRING US A HANDSOME SUM!

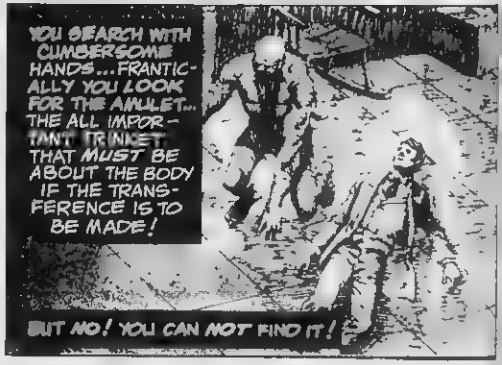
THE REST OF YOU LOOK AROUND! PICK UP ANYTHING THAT LOOKS VALUABLE!

AND YOU CAN NOT KNOW, JEROME, THAT THESE THIEVES WILL IMPERIL YOU FAR MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER REALIZE...!


NOW...AT THE MOMENT...DO YOU CARE!
YIIIIIEEEEE!
YOU THRILL TO HER SCREAM AS IT FADES INTO A SPUTTERING, CHOKING COUGH! YOU RELISH THE UPCOMING SILENCE, AS HER BODY BECOMES LIMP! THIS...THIS POWER IS THE ULTIMATE ORGASM!
LET'S GO! NONE OF YOU CAN CARRY ANY MORE THAN YOU'VE ALREADY GOT!
SO... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THE THIEVES...YOUR JAILERS...! BY STEALING THE AMULET, THEY HAVE IMPRISONED YOUR MIND WITHIN A DECAYING, TWO-THOUSAND YEAR-OLD CORPSE...!
YET...HOW CAN YOU CARE FOR THAT WHICH YOU DO NOT KNOW! YOU ARE EXHILARATED, JEROME, IN THE CALM CONTENTMENT THAT FOLLOWS A STORM OF ACTIVITY! YOU HAVE EXHAUSTED ALL YOUR EMOTIONS... AND ARE LOST IN WAVES OF TRANQUILITY! YOU WISH ONLY TO REST NOW...SO YOU RETURN... ONCE AGAIN...TO THE MUSEUM...TO YOUR TRUE BODY!

BUT... YOU RECOIL IN SHOCK AS YOU SEE YOUR FORM, JEROME...! AND THEN YOU NOTICE... ALL AROUND YOU... OBJECTS MISSING... THE MUSEUM IN DISARRAY!

YOUR BODY... THANK GOD IT HASN'T BEEN HARMED! BUT THE AMULET... GOD GOD! WHERE IS THE AMULET?


YOU SEARCH WITH CUMBERSOME HANDS... FRANTICALLY YOU LOOK FOR THE AMULET... THE ALL IMPORTANT TRINKET THAT MUST BE ABOUT THE BODY IF THE TRANSFERENCE IS TO BE MADE!
BUT NO! YOU CAN NOT FIND IT!

SEARCH! SEARCH EVERYWHERE! SEARCH IN VAIN! AND LISTEN AS THE LAUGHTER OF THE OTHER MIND BEGINS! LISTEN TO ITS THOUGHTS... "NOW YOU ARE TRAPPED FOREVER IN THIS BODY, JUST AS I AM TRAPPED!"
BUT NO! YOU CAN'T BE TRAPPED! YOU CAN'T!

YOU DON'T WANT ONLY POWER! YOU WANT A LIFE AS WELL! YOU WANT A MARRIAGE... A HOME! YOU WANT A HUMAN LIFE! SO YOU SEARCH... SEARCH! BUT YOU KNOW IT IS HOPELESS!
CRR-AASH
IT CAN'T BE FOUND, CAN IT? AND THE LAUGHTER CONTINUES!

EVENTUALLY... YOU RACE OUT OF THE MUSEUM... RACE AIMLESSLY... AND TRY TO SCREAM... TRY TO DROWN OUT THE CONTINUING INSANE LAUGHTER...! BUT YOU CAN'T SCREAM OUTWARDLY, CAN YOU? YOU CAN ONLY SCREAM INSIDE YOUR MIND!
WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW, CREATURE? WHAT CAN YOU DO NOW?

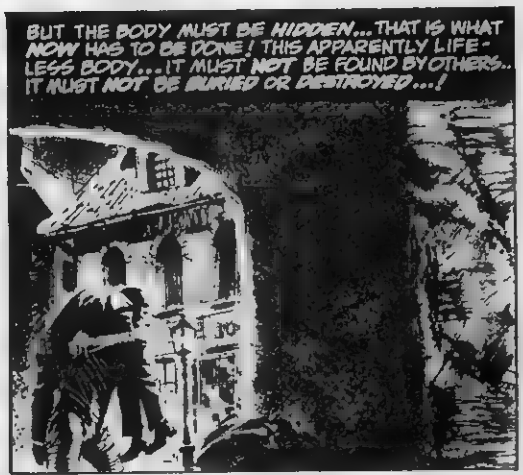
END

HE IS CALM NOW... THIS DECAYING, FETID BANDAGED THING! AND AS HE COLLECTS HIMSELF AFTER A NIGHT OF INSANITY, HE LOOKS TO THE SKY, REALIZING IT IS NOW NEARING SUNRISE!

THERE ARE THINGS TO BE DONE. SLOWLY, ON CUMBERSOME, TIRED LIMBS, HE RETURNS TO THE MUSEUM... TO THE BODY THAT ONCE WAS HIS...

...WAS HIS BEFORE HE TRANSFERRED HIS MIND INTO THIS OTHER BODY... THIS BODY OF POWER! THEN, HE DISCOVERED HE COULD NOT TRANSFER BACK.

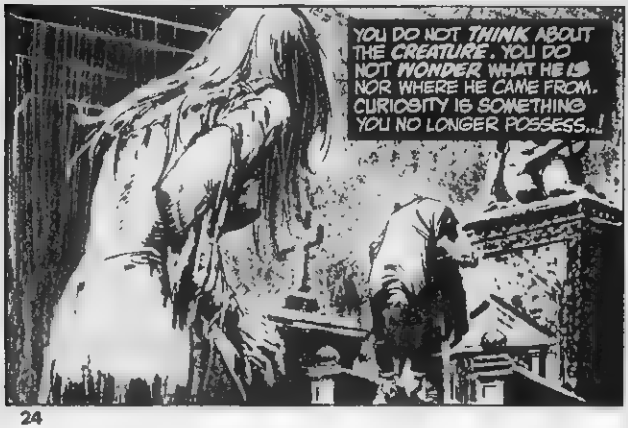
PRESERVATION! SOMEWHERE, IN THE BACK OF HIS DEFOGGED MIND, IS THE PROPER MEMORY. HIS READINGS IN EGYPTOLOGY-- THEY HAVE TOLD HIM THAT HIS TRUE BODY WILL REMAIN PRESERVED SO LONG AS HIS MIND CONTINUES TO EXIST...!


BUT THE BODY MUST BE HIDDEN... THAT IS WHAT NOW HAS TO BE DONE! THIS APPARENTLY LIFELESS BODY... IT MUST NOT BE FOUND BY OTHERS.. IT MUST NOT BE BURIED OR DESTROYED...!

IT MUST BE PLACED SOMEWHERE WHERE IT WILL REMAIN SAFE... IT MUST BE PLACED IN A TOMB... LIKE THE ONE WHERE YOU FOUND THE AMULET OF POWER! AN ANCIENT TOMB... FOR ONLY THERE WILL IT GO UNNOTICED!

YOU HAUNT THE GRAVEYARD...SEARCHING THE CRYPTS...SEARCHING FOR FRESH HUMAN FLESH TO FEED UPON...! THEN YOU SEE HIM...! YOU SEE THE CREATURE! AND MORE IMPORTANTLY...YOU SEE WHAT HE CARRIES...

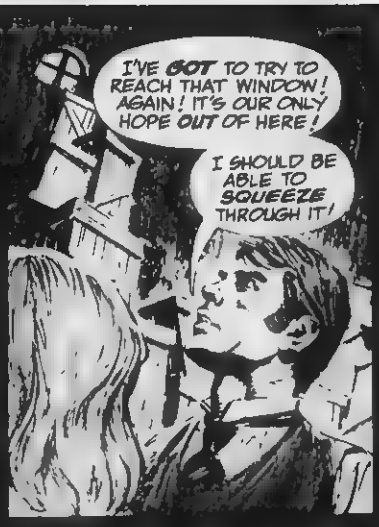
GHOULISH ENCOUNTER



STORY: STEVE SKEATES/ART: JAIME BROCA

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU WERE *NORMAL*? HOW LONG SINCE YOU AND THE MAN YOU LOVED... YOUR *HUSBAND* OF BUT LESS THAN TWO WEEKS, WERE ACCIDENTALLY LOCKED IN THAT DANK AND DISMAL *BASEMENT*? *MONTHS*?... *YEARS*? YOU DO NOT *KNOW*, DO YOU?

YOU *POUNDED* AND YOU *SHOUTED* AND YOU *SCREAMED*... YOU REMEMBER THAT MUCH! BUT NO ONE *HEARD*! REMEMBER HOW YOUR *HUNGER* GREW... HOW YOUR STOMACH TWISTED AND KNOTTED ABOUT ITSELF AS THE DAYS PASSED?



AND NOW, WILL YOUR CRAZED MIND ALLOW YOU TO THINK *BACK*... AND RECALL HOW YOU SIMPLY SAT THERE IN SHOCK, STARING AT HIS LIFELESS BODY... FOR *DAYS* AND *DAYS*!.. AND DO YOU REMEMBER HOW THE HOLLOW PERSISTENT *PAIN* IN YOUR STOMACH *GREW*... PUSHING YOUR MIND INTO *MADNESS*...?!

AT LAST, YOU COULD STAND NO MORE...! YOUR MIND SNAPPED...
...AND YOU INDULGED YOURSELF... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DAYS!
AND...AH...IT WAS GOOD... WASN'T IT? THE FEELING OF THE FLESH THAT WAS ONCE YOUR HUSBAND, SEEMED TO CARESS YOUR EMPTY ACHING STOMACH...!
ONCE AGAIN, YOUR MAN... YOUR LOVER...WAS WITHIN YOU! A TWISTED, KNOWING SMILE PLAYED OVER YOUR LIPS AS YOUR HUNGER DISSIPATED...AND YOU SUPRESSED A LAUGH OF DULL IRONY!
AND EACH DAY, YOU TOOK ALL YOUR DEAD HUSBAND HAD TO OFFER!
AND IT WASN'T UNTIL ALMOST TWO WEEKS HAD PASSED THAT THEY FINALLY DISCOVERED YOU.
SOMEONE'S COMING!
I'M SAVED! SAVED!
B-BUT T-THEY WON'T UNDERSTAND...! T-THEY'LL THINK WHAT I'VE DONE IS WRONG!
MUST RUN... ESCAPE...!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

S-SHE'S GONE...! B-BUT WHAT'S THAT... T-THAT SMELL...?

OH, MY GOD!

CHOKE!

HAZY MEMORIES. SINCE THEN, YOU HAVE LIVED HERE IN THIS BLEAK CEMETARY... SEARCHING AND FEEDING BY NIGHT. NOW YOU LOOK ON AS A CREATURE LEAVES THE CRYPT HE JUST ENTERED... LEAVES IT ALONE! AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR NEXT MEAL SHALL BE!

THOSE THIEVES WHO HANG AROUND THE MUSEUM! I KNEW THEM ONCE, BACK WHEN I, TOO, WAS A LOWLY PERSON!

THEY MUST BE THE ONES WHO STOLE THE AMULET... THE OTHER ARTIFACTS AS WELL!

MUST GET IT BACK! DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF ETERNITY IN THIS STINKING, ROTTEN BODY!

I WANT TO HAVE A NORMAL LIFE!

IT'S NEARLY SUNRISE! PEOPLE WILL BE UP AND ABOUT SOON! BUT I DON'T CARE! I HAVE TO GET IT BACK NOW!

AND, LUCKILY, I AT LEAST KNOW WHERE THOSE THIEVES USED TO GO TO DIVVY UP THEIR LOOT!

AND, YES! THEY ARE THERE!

CRA-ACK!

HUHN?

YOU SEE THE MUSEUM ARTIFACTS...AND YOU PUSH THE THIEVES ASIDE! THEY ARE TOO FROZEN FROM FEAR TO HALT YOU...EVEN IF THEY COULD!

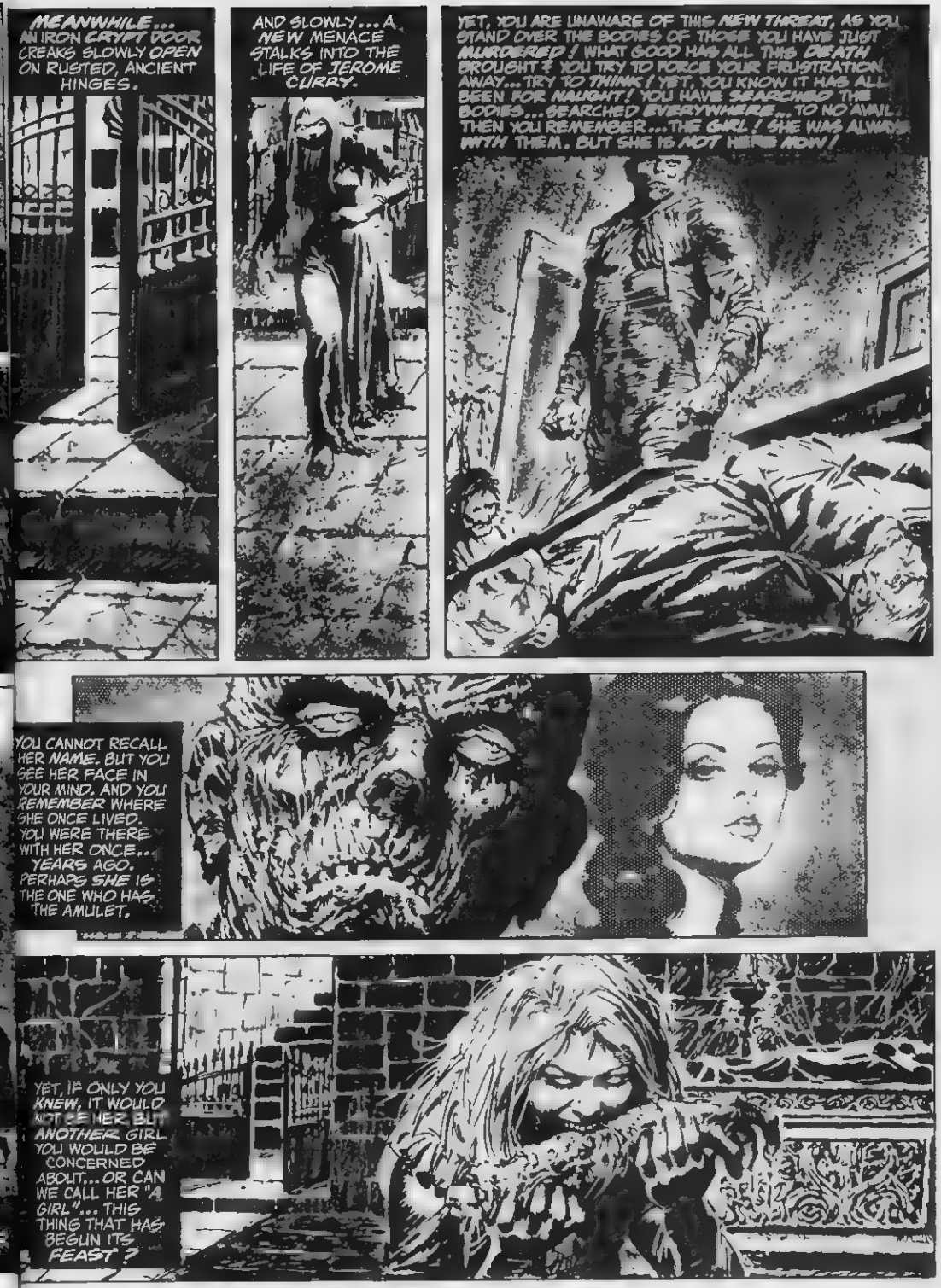
IT IS ALL THERE! YES, EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE AMULET... THE ALL-IMPORTANT AMULET!

YOU WANT TO ASK WHERE IT IS. YOU WANT TO KNOW! BUT YOU CANNOT SPEAK! YOU CAN ONLY SHAKE THOSE RESPONSIBLE...

...AND SHOVE THEM!

AND KILL!

...YOUR FRUSTRATION MOUNTING, THE OTHER MIND WITHIN THIS AWESOME BODY LAUGHS... THE ANCIENT, ORIGINAL MIND LAUGHS AT YOUR FAILURE...AT YOUR FRUSTRATION!


MEANWHILE... AN IRON CRYPT DOOR CREAKS SLOWLY OPEN ON RUSTED, ANCIENT HINGES.
AND SLOWLY... A NEW MENACE STALKS INTO THE LIFE OF JEROME CURRY.
YET, YOU ARE UNAWARE OF THIS NEW THREAT, AS YOU STAND OVER THE BODIES OF THOSE YOU HAVE JUST MURDERED! WHAT GOOD HAS ALL THIS DEATH BROUGHT? YOU TRY TO FORCE YOUR FRUSTRATION AWAY... TRY TO THINK! YET, YOU KNOW IT HAS ALL BEEN FOR NAUGHT! YOU HAVE SEARCHED THE BODIES... SEARCHED EVERYWHERE... TO NO AVAIL. THEN YOU REMEMBER... THE GIRL! SHE WAS ALWAYS WITH THEM. BUT SHE IS NOT HERE NOW!
YOU CANNOT RECALL HER NAME. BUT YOU SEE HER FACE IN YOUR MIND. AND YOU REMEMBER WHERE SHE ONCE LIVED. YOU WERE THERE WITH HER ONCE... YEARS AGO. PERHAPS SHE IS THE ONE WHO HAS THE AMULET.
YET, IF ONLY YOU KNEW, IT WOULD NOT BE HER BUT ANOTHER GIRL YOU WOULD BE CONCERNED ABOUT... OR CAN WE CALL HER "A GIRL"... THIS THING THAT HAS BEGUN ITS FEAST?

THE SUN IS ABOUT TO BREAK OVER THE HORIZON AS YOU LEAVE THE DEAD THIEVES' DEN...
DON'T DARE GO SEARCHING FOR HER NOW! TOO CLOSE TO SUNRISE...! PEOPLE WILL BE UP AND ABOUT VERY SOON NOW!

DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN ...HUNTED DOWN...
...SHOT AT!
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT BULLETS WILL DO TO THIS BODY! AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO FIND OUT!

HAVE TO FIND SOMEPLACE TO HIDE...UNTIL NIGHT!
BUT WHERE?

BUT OF COURSE!
THE CRYPT WHERE I PUT THE BODY... MY BODY!
I'LL BE SAFE THERE!

YOU SAVOR YOUR MEAL...! YOU CHEW SLOWLY SO THAT YOU CAN SUCK DOWN EVERY DROP OF COLD AND CLOTTING BLOOD! THEN, SUDDENLY...YOU HEAR THE GATE-DOOR CREAK! AND YOU TURN TO SEE HIM AS HE ENTERS! AND HE REARS BACK IN SHOCK AS HE SEES YOU!

YOU CAN ALMOST FEEL HIS ANGER AS HE STALKS TOWARD YOU. THERE WAS PLEASURE IN DOING SOMETHING SO TRULY, BEAUTIFULLY DISGUSTING. AND THE PLEASURE WAS HEIGHTENED BY THE POSSIBILITY OF BEING CAUGHT! BUT THE ACTUALITY OF BEING FOUND OUT IS DIFFERENT! YOU COWER... YOU WANT TO RACE FOR THE DOOR; BUT HE IS BLOCKING YOUR ESCAPE!

N-NO... I...I DIDN'T MEAN--!

I...I'M SORRY...!

NEARLY ALL SENSATION IS MASHED OUT OF YOU AS YOU ARE THROWN WITH UNBELIEVABLE FORCE INTO THE WALL!

AAAA
RRRRGHHH
BUT THERE IS STILL ENOUGH SENSATION FOR YOU TO FEEL AND SCREAM AS YOU ARE PICKED UP... AND THROWN AGAIN... ONTO THE JAGGED SPEAR-LIKE GATE THAT PUNCTURES EVERY VITAL ORGAN IN YOUR BODY!

EPILOGUE

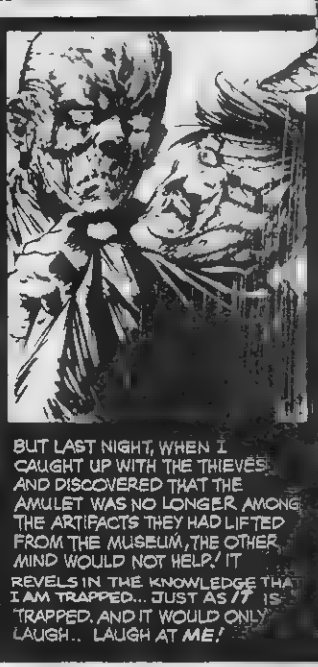
END

PROLOGUE

YET THERE IS LITTLE I CAN DO FOR I AM TRAPPED IN THIS DISGUSTING, DECAYING BODY... TRAPPED THANKS TO THAT SLIMEY BATCH OF THIEVES WHO STOLE MY AMULET... STOLE MY ONLY MEANS OF TRANSFERRING MY MIND BACK INTO MY OWN TRUE BODY!

NOW IT IS NIGHT, AND AT LAST I CAN LEAVE THIS FILTHY CRYPT WHERE I HAVE REMAINED HIDDEN ALL THIS DAY... AND FORCE THIS NEW AWKWARD, BANDAGED BODY OF MINE TO AGAIN SHAMBLE THROUGH THE DESERTED, MIDNIGHT STREETS OF CAIRO...

DAYS AGO, WHEN I FIRST TRANSFERRED MY MIND INTO THIS LOATHSOME BODY THE OTHER MIND THAT IS HERE... THE ANCIENT, ORIGINAL MIND... HELPED ME TO PROJECT MY THOUGHTS, SO THAT THEN, I COULD COMMUNICATE WITH OTHERS!
WHA--? YOU... YOU'RE JEROME!


BUT LAST NIGHT, WHEN I CAUGHT UP WITH THE THIEVES AND DISCOVERED THAT THE AMULET WAS NO LONGER AMONG THE ARTIFACTS THEY HAD LIFTED FROM THE MUSEUM, THE OTHER MIND WOULD NOT HELP! IT REVELS IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I AM TRAPPED... JUST AS IT IS TRAPPED, AND IT WOULD ONLY LAUGH... LAUGH AT ME!

I COULD NOT COMMUNICATE, I COULD NOT DEMAND TO KNOW WHERE THE AMULET WAS. I COULD ONLY SHAKE AND SHOVE THE THIEVES IN FRUSTRATION, UNTIL I HAD KILLED THEM ALL. AND THAT DID ME NO GOOD... NO GOOD WHATSOEVER!

NOW, OLD WOODEN STAIRS SQUEAK AND SQUAWK UNDER MY TREMENDOUS WEIGHT AS I CLIMB TOWARD AN APARTMENT... HER APARTMENT...
...THE GIRL WHO POSSESSES THE AMULET!
IT'S THAT ONE! AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS!
JUST A FEW MORE FEET!
THAT DOOR WON'T BE ANY OBSTACLE!

NOT FOR ME!
SMRASH!

A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE, DESIGNED TO FRIGHTEN ANY POTENTIAL OPPONENT... TO FREEZE HIM IN FEAR, AND MAKE THE *KILL* THAT MUCH EASIER! A PURPOSELESS PLOY, IN THIS INSTANCE...!

NOBODY HERE!

AND I DON'T PARTICULARLY LIKE THE LOOKS OF WHAT *IS* HERE!

THE CLOSET DOOR IS OPEN... AND WITHIN IT, A FEW CLOTHES AND MANY BARE HANGERS, SWING AWKWARDLY IN ERRATIC RHYTHMS, THANKS TO MY FORCEFUL ENTRANCE...!

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S *GONE* SOMEWHERE... AND TAKEN MOST OF HER *CLOTHES* WITH HER!

MUST BE PLANNING TO STAY AWAY FOR *QUITE SOME TIME!*

THESE HANDS ARE HARD TO WORK WITH! IT IS HARD TO GRASP THINGS. BUT STILL I SEARCH IN HOPES OF FINDING THE AMULET...!

GOTTA SEARCH *FAST!* NEIGHBORS *MUST* HAVE HEARD MY ENTRANCE! AND ONE OF THEM JUST MIGHT DECIDE TO *INVESTIGATE!*

NO SIGN OF THE AMULET, BUT--!

WAIT! WHAT'S *THIS?*

GOTTA KEEP *READING!* I *MUST* FIND OUT!

A NOTEBOOK. A DIARY OF SORTS. I READ IT, AND... YES, THERE IS MENTION OF THE AMULET! SHE *DOES* HAVE IT! HAS IT *WITH* HER! PERHAPS, THERE IS ALSO A MENTION OF WHERE SHE HAS GONE...!

THIS IS THE CITY... *CAIRO*... AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY! A CITY CAUGHT IN THE THROES OF RAPID GROWTH... INDUSTRIALIZATION... EXPERIMENTATION! NOW MOST OF THE CITY SLEEPS WHILE YOU SEARCH AND READ, PONDER AND PLAN. YET, CREATURE, YOU ARE NOT THE *ONLY* ONE WHO IS UP AND ABOUT THIS NIGHT. THERE ARE ALSO *OTHER FORCES* AT WORK HERE THIS NIGHT... SINISTER FORCES THAT WILL SOON ENTWINE YOU IN THEIR WEB OF *HORROR!*

Enter Hyde

STORY: STEVE SKEATES/ART: JAIME BROCAL

SCIENCE... SYSTEMATIZED KNOWLEDGE DERIVED FROM OBSERVATION, STUDY, AND EXPERIMENTATION. RESEARCH. GROPING FOR THE NEW, GROPING FOR THAT WHICH WILL MAKE THIS A BETTER WORLD!

WARREN, DEAR, I DON'T MEAN TO *COMPLAIN*---!

BUT...DO YOU PLAN TO BE AT THIS *ALL NIGHT?*

DEDICATION... WORKING LATE INTO THE NIGHT, THOUGH HIS YOUNG WIFE, THE SENSITIVE YOUNG WOMAN HE TOOK AS HIS BRIDE BUT A FEW MONTHS PAST, OBVIOUSLY HAS *OTHER PLANS...!*

SORRY, DEAR! BUT I'M SO *CLOSE* NOW!

I JUST *CAN'T* GIVE UP FOR THE NIGHT! NOT *NOW!*

MY *HEART* JUST WOULDN'T BE *IN* ANYTHING ELSE!

LONGEVITY... THAT MAN MAY LIVE PERHAPS EVEN TWICE AS LONG AS IS CONSIDERED THE NORMAL LIFE-SPAN...!

JUST *THINK!* EVEN IF I'M ONLY A *PARTIAL* SUCCESS...

...IF I CAN DISCOVER A WAY TO ALLOW MAN TO LIVE *FIVE* OR *TEN* YEARS LONGER THAN HE NOW DOES...WHAT A *FIND* THAT WILL BE!

BUT, DEAR...

PERHAPS GOD NEVER *MEANT* FOR US TO LIVE ANY LONGER THAN WE DO NOW!

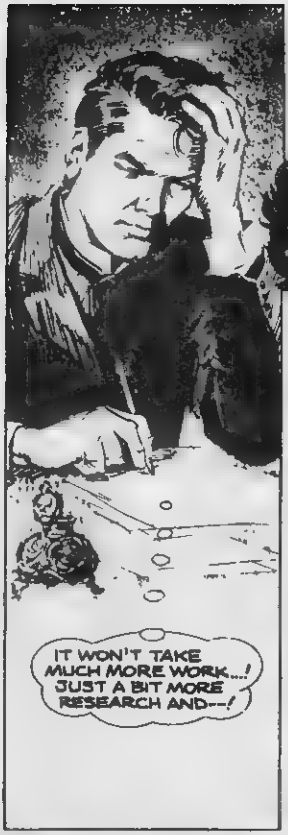
PERHAPS AN ORDINARY LIFE SPAN IS ALL WE MORTALS CAN *COPE* WITH!

PLEASE, SARAH, WE'VE DISCUSSED THAT ALL *BEFORE!*

GOD GAVE US OUR BRAINS SO THAT WE *CAN* LEARN... *CAN* DISCOVER!

NOW, *PLEASE* RUN ALONG TO BED! *I'LL* BE UP LATER!

YES... *MUCH* LATER, I SUSPECT!


IT WON'T TAKE MUCH MORE WORK...! JUST A BIT MORE RESEARCH AND--!

AWW, WHY AM I DOING ALL THIS BLASTED RESEARCH, ALL THESE STUPID COMPUTATIONS?
I ALREADY HAVE THE ANSWER!

I'VE HAD IT FOR YEARS AND YEARS!
THANKS TO MY SERUM, THIS GUINEA PIG HAS LIVED EIGHT YEARS SO FAR... TWICE ONE'S NORMAL LIFE SPAN!
AND IT'S WORKING ON THESE OTHER ANIMALS, TOO!

ALL I NEED NOW IS A HUMAN TO TEST IT ON! YET, I DON'T WANT TO ENDANGER ANY MAN'S LIFE!
STILL, ALL THIS FURTHER RESEARCH IS GETTING ME NOWHERE! I'VE... I'VE--!

YES! I'VE GOT TO DO IT! NOW!

I WILL BE MY OWN GUINEA PIG.

EH?

ONE IMPULSIVE, UNSCIENTIFIC MOMENT CAN DESTROY YEARS AND YEARS OF LABORIOUS TRAINING: THE SERUM DID NOT *CHANGE* THE OTHER ANIMALS... PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY WERE NOT OF SUPERIOR *INTELLIGENCE!* BUT IT DOES CHANGE *HIM!* *TRANSFORMATION...!* GONE IS THE DEDICATED SCIENTIST AS EVERY FORMERLY SUPPRESSED, BESTIAL INSTINCT, EVERY DARK, ANCESTRAL DESIRE *SURVACES*, SNUFFING OUT ALL THAT CAUSED THIS MAN TO ONCE BE CONSIDERED "CIVILIZED"...!

THIS STRANGE, PAINTED CREATURE...THIS, HIS DELICATE PREY ...THIS THING THAT CRIES OUT...BAYING LIKE THE WOUNDED ANIMAL IT IS!
EEEEEEE
EEEEEEE
HE KNOWS NOT THE REASON FOR IT...HE KNOWS ONLY THAT SHE MUST DIE!
FINGERS THAT ONCE PERFORMED DELICATE EXPERIMENTS NOW TEAR HUMAN FLESH AND SILENCE A WOMAN FOREVER!
PPPPP
IT IS DONE! AND HE FEELS IT...TRULY FEELS THE HEADY SENSATION OF POWER TRIUMPHANT! AND, AT LAST, HE KNOWS HIS REASON FOR BEING ...TO CRUSH...TO KILL...TO BE SUPREME! NOW HE HAS STRENGTH...!NOW HE IS SUPERIOR!
HE LEAVES HER...TO AGAIN PROWL AIMLESSLY DOWN DARKENED STREETS...TO AGAIN SEARCH FOR PREY. TRULY A BEAST GONE MAD, NO LONGER KNOWING NOR CARING WHERE HIS HOME MIGHT BE!
AGAIN, HE FINDS AND STALKS HIS VICTIM....
...AND, KNOWING NEITHER FEAR NOR MERCY, STRIKES WITH THE SILENT SWIFTNESS OF A CAT!

BUT THIS ONE DOES NOT FALL...DOES NOT CRUMBLE... AND CRY OUT...!

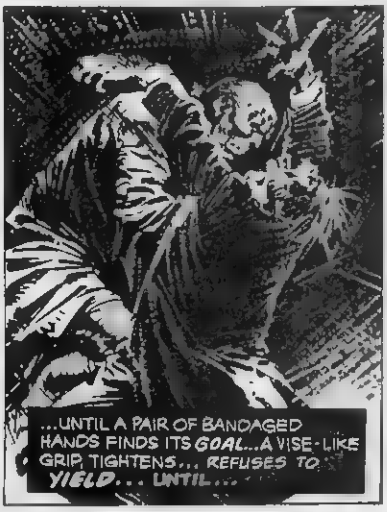
INSTEAD, HE STRIKES OUT WITH EQUAL FORCE!

A CHALLENGE...A CHALLENGE THAT MUST BE MET! THE BEAST WHO ONCE WAS A SCIENTIST, FEELING HIS SUPREMACY THREATENED, SNARLS AND CHARGES!

AND SO IT BEGINS! TWO CREATURES OF UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH, SMASHING...

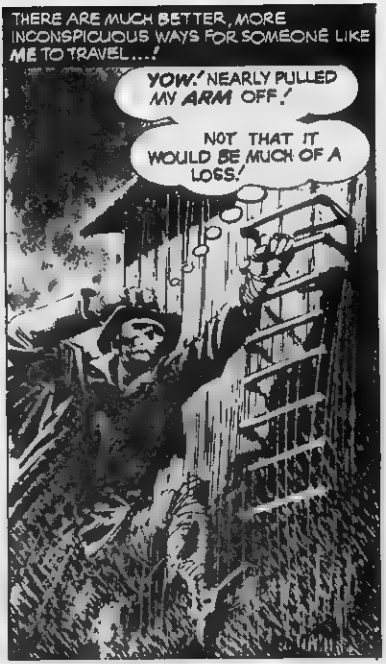
...TEARING...

...GROPING...


...UNTIL A PAIR OF BANDAGED HANDS FINDS ITS GOAL...A VISE-LIKE GRIP, TIGHTENS... REFUSES TO YIELD... UNTIL...

YES, THIS IS THE CITY... *CAIRO!* AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY... A CITY OF EXPERIMENTATIO A CITY WHERE EXPERIME OFTEN GO AWRY AND DEATH COMES EASY. EVEN AS OTHERS SLEEP NOW, YOU *ALONE*, CREATURE, STARE DOW AT THIS LIFELESS BOD YOU ARE THE *ONLY ONE* WHO SEES HIS FEATURE TWIST AND SOFTEN, CHANGING TO THOSE OF AN ORDINARY *MA*

EPILOGUE



END

AND THE MUMMY WALKS

STORY STEVE SKEATES/ART: JAIME BROCAL

THEN COMMENTS FROM THE OTHER MIND THAT INHABITS THIS STRANGE AND CUMBERSOME BODY...THE ANCIENT, ORIGINAL MIND...CUT THROUGH THE SIGHTSEEING, DESTROYING THIS PLEASANT MOMENT OF ESCAPE FROM THE SELF! AND JEROME CURRY'S THOUGHTS ARE FORCED TO AGAIN TURN INWARD.

STILL SOMETHING HAS *CHANGED*. THE OTHER MIND IS NOW *NO LONGER* A *SEPARATE* AND *DISTANT* ENTITY... A THING THAT FIGHTS FOR *CONTROL* OF THE *BODY!* NOW, ITS THOUGHTS AND HIS THOUGHTS COME CALMLY... *TOGETHER*, PEACEFULLY MINGLE AND *JOIN!*

AND JEROME CURRY REMEMBERS A LIFE IN *ANCIENT EGYPT*. MOMENTARY MEMORIES OF ABSOLUTE DOMINION. ALL OTHERS WERE *BENEATH* HIM... WORTHLESS *SLAVES*, INSECTS TO BE *USED* OR *SQUASHED*. YET NOW POWER STRANGELY DOES NOT SEEM IMPORTANT. AND *HE, IT, THEY* CONCENTRATE ON *OTHER MEMORIES*... PLEASURABLE MEMORIES!

SUDDENLY, HE IS IN THE CENTER OF THE TOWN. PEOPLE *DANCING*. PEOPLE *STARING AT CLOUDS*, WHILE OTHERS *EMBRACE* IN DOORWAYS.

HE DOES NOT FEEL SEPARATE FROM THESE PEOPLE EITHER... DOES NOT FEEL HE MUST DEMONSTRATE HIS SUPERIORITY TO THEM THROUGH POWER AND FORCE. ONE CANNOT OVERPOWER ONESELF... AND THESE PEOPLE ARE AN EXTENSION OF HIM. THEY ARE A *PART OF HIM*, AND HE IS A *PART OF THEM!*

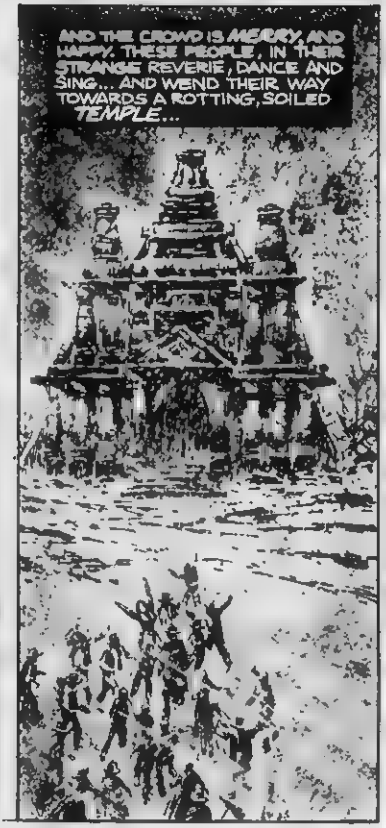
THEY ARE ALL ONE.

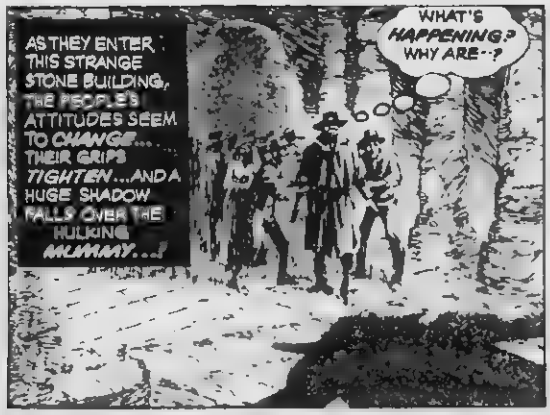
A YOUNG WOMAN OF THIS TOWN *SMILES* AS SHE APPROACHES THIS STRANGER AND HE DOES *NOT BACK AWAY.*

HE DOES NOT TRY TO STOP HER AS SHE *OPENS HIS COAT,* UNBUTTONS HIS *SHIRT...*

...THEN REELS BACK! AN INSTANT OF CONFUSED SHOCK AS SHE SEES THE *ROTTING BANDAGES!*
A MOMENT OF *DISAPPOINT-MENT* FOR HIM, ALSO!

...BUT THE SHOCK IS SOON *FORGOTTEN* AS HER MIND DRIFTS ONTO OTHER THINGS, AND SOON *HIS DISAPPOINTMENT* FADES, TOO!


AND THE CROWD IS *MERRY,* AND HAPPY. THESE PEOPLE, IN THEIR STRANGE REVERIE, DANCE AND SING... AND WEND THEIR WAY TOWARDS A ROTTING, SOILED *TEMPLE...*


AS THEY ENTER THIS STRANGE STONE BUILDING, THE PEOPLE'S ATTITUDES SEEM TO CHANGE... THEIR GRIPS TIGHTEN...AND A HUGE SHADOW FALLS OVER THE HULKING MUMMY...!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY ARE--?

WH... WHA--?

WHAT IS IT?
HOW COULD THAT THING CAST A SHADOW? DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE IT'S REALLY THERE!

GONE IS THE GAIETY...!
PEOPLE.. BACKING AWAY!
MOVING FAST... LEAVING ME HERE!

GONE ARE THE PLEASANT THOUGHTS!
IT'S LIKE THEY'RE LEAVING ME SO THAT THIS THING CAN DEAL WITH ME! LIKE I'M TO BE A HUMAN SACRIFICE, OR SOMETHING!
BUT, IF THEY THINK I'M--!

THWPP!
YEOW!

LOOKS LIKE I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE MYSTICISM!
THIS BEING APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF DEMON CALLED UP FROM HELL!
BUT NOBODY GETS THE BEST OF ME!
SLAM
THAK!
PERHAPS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BEST TO SIMPLY TURN AND RUN... BUT THERE ARE TWO MINDS CONTROLLING THIS BODY. SEPARATE ENTITIES!
AND THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MIND IS RULED BY ITS KNOWLEDGE OF POWER... ITS BELIEF IN FORCE!
LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE... JUST WATCHING THIS!
THEY SEEM TO BE ENJOYING IT!
TO RULE... TO BE SUPREME. THIS LONG AGO BECAME ITS ENTIRE REASON FOR BEING...!
WELL, I'LL GIVE THEM A SHOW THEY WON'T SOON FORGET!
THUD
THUD
SUPREMACY OVER ALL THINGS! AND JEROME GIVES IN ONCE AGAIN TO THE DESIRES OF THIS OTHER MIND!

TWO MASSIVE CREATURES OF SEEMINGLY EQUAL STRENGTH, SMASHING, THRASHING, AND THEIR MOST VULNERABLE VICTIM IS THEIR ARENA ITSELF. PILLARS ARE REDUCED TO RUBBLE... WALLS ARE SMASHED AGAIN AND AGAIN... UNTIL FINALLY THE CEILING LOOSENS...

...AND FALLS! THE BOMBASTIC BATTLE CONTINUING UNDAUNTED, EVEN AS THE ON-LOOKERS... THE MEMBERS OF THIS ONCE SEMI-CONSCIOUS AUDIENCE... SCREAM TO LIFE AND RACE FOR THE EXITS!

HUGE CHUNKS OF SOLID ROCK TUMBLE DOWNWARD... AND NOT ONE OF THE PEOPLE IN QUITE FAST ENOUGH TO AVOID THIS DEADLY RAIN..! NOT ONE SURVIVES!

FOR TENSE, ANXIOUS MINUTES, THE CHILLING SOUND OF SILENCE HANGS HEAVY IN THE AIR!
THEN, THERE IS A SCRAPING... AND WEAK, HEAVY MOVEMENT IN THE RUBBLE!

THIS BEING WHO REEKS OF DEATH AND DECAY... HE ALONE STILL LIVES!

I'LL BET EVERYONE IN TOWN WAS IN THERE WHEN THE BUILDING COLLAPSED!
DON'T KNOW WHY I SURVIVED AND THAT DEMON DIDN'T! DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I WAS TO BE A SACRIFICE... OR WHAT!
BUT WHO CARES NOW!

I ACHE ALL OVER, AND CAN HARDLY MOVE! BUT NOTHING HAS CHANGED... I'VE STILL --
NO! WAIT!

HE STANDS IN STIFF SILENCE FOR SEVERAL MINUTES...
THE OTHER MIND... I CAN NO LONGER FEEL ITS PRESENCE, IT...

BUT MY MIND SEEMS ALL RIGHT!
SO, AT LAST... A PIECE OF THE CURSE HAS BEEN LIFTED...!

I HAVE MY MIND... NOW ALL I NEED IS MY BODY RETURNED TO ME!
AND AT LONG LAST, I THINK I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE TO FIND THAT, ALSO!

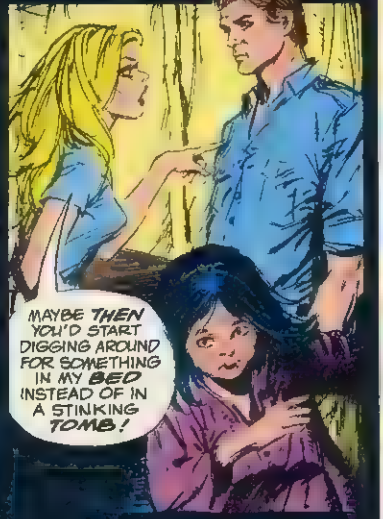
END

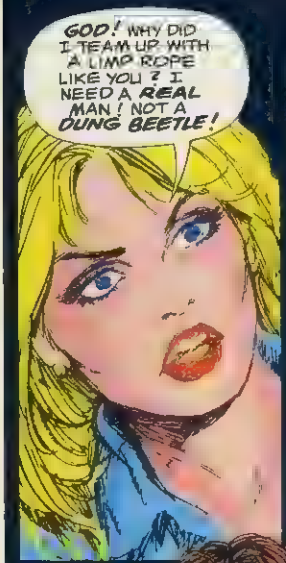
STORY: STEVE SKEATES/ART: JAIME BROCAL/COLOR: BILL DuBAY

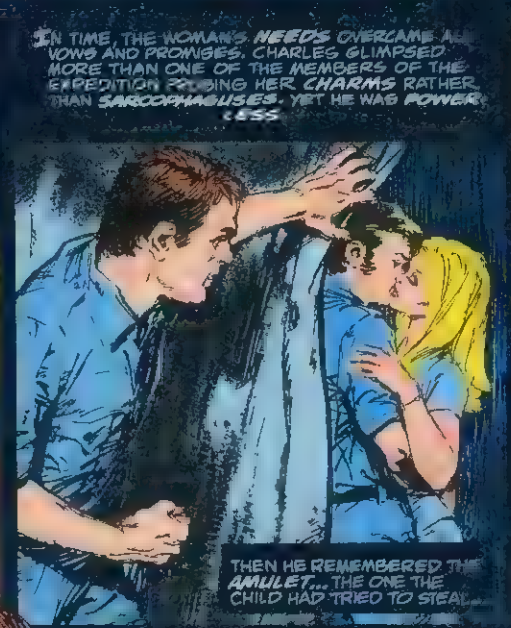
THE MUMMY!
YES...YOUR DOWNFALL. YOU'LL NEVER FORGET HOW IT ENDED, WILL YOU, JEROME...? YOU'LL FOREVER REMEMBER THE PAIN...THE FLAMES EATING AWAY AT THE WITHERED HUSK YOU OCCUPIED! YOU'LL NEVER FORGET HOW HELPLESS YOU FELT?
THEY GATHERED AROUND YOU... LIKE A PACK OF BLOODLUSTING JACKELS BRINGING DOWN A WOUNDED CALF! THEY THREW TORCHES! THEY BURNED YOU... TO DEATH!
YOU COULDN'T MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND. ALL YOU WANTED WAS TO BE LEFT ALONE IN YOUR MISERY. YOU'D ALREADY SEALED YOUR OWN DOOM. YOU WERE THE WALKING DEAD SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO ROT IN PEACE.
BUT THEY DIDN'T GIVE YOU ANY PEACE, DID THEY? IT WAS AS IF THEY KNEW THE EVIL OF YOUR SINS...THE MANY YOU MURDERED FOR THE THRILL AS YOU HID IN THE WRAPPINGS OF A MAN THREE THOUSAND YEARS UNDEAD.
...AND AN END!
THE AMULET! THAT WAS YOUR DOWNFALL. THE DAMNED AMULET! NO, THOSE DAMNED THIEVES... OR, NO...PERHAPS IT WAS ALL OF YOUR OWN CREATION! AND THE FIRE BURNED YOUR GUILT INTO YOUR SOUL FOR ETERNITY.
YOU KILLED YOURSELF, FOOL! YOU KILLED YOURSELF!

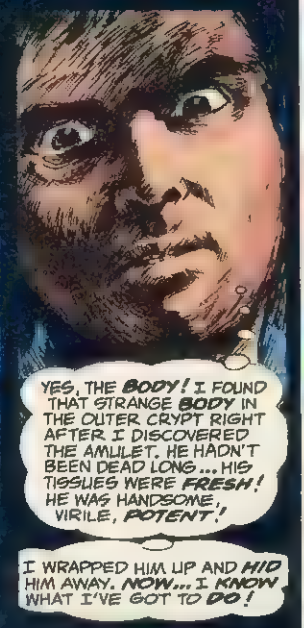
YOUR INSTINCTS, OR PERHAPS THE INSTINCTS OF THE DISGUSTING BODY YOU OCCUPIED LED YOU BACK TO THE TOMB. YOU DIDN'T KNOW FOR SURE... BUT YOU SENSED THE AMULET HAD FOUND ITS WAY BACK THERE.
YET, SOMEONE WAS THERE BEFORE YOU.
HE HAD ALREADY FOUND THE AMULET, AND SOMETHING MORE...!
THAT STRANGE NECKLACE I DISCOVERED YESTERDAY... I LOOKED IT UP. IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, IT WILL GIVE THE POSSESSOR THE POWER TO TRANSFER HIS SOUL INTO THE BODY OF A DEAD MAN!
MERE SUPERSTITIOUS SPECULATION. STILL... IF I COULD TRANSFER INTO SOMEONE ELSE... WHO WOULD IT BE? ONE OF THESE BANDAGED STIFFS? HMM?
CHARLES BENNING WAS AN ARCHEOLOGIST REEXAMINING A TOMB SITE WHICH WAS CLOSED DOWN FIVE YEARS BEFORE DUE TO MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. HE WAS ENJOYING IT. HIS WIFE WAS DEPLORING IT EQUALLY.
GOD, YOU GRAVEDIGGING BORE! WHAT EXCITEMENT IS THERE IN WATCHING YOU DUST OFF SKULLS AND COFFINS!
NO REAL MAN WOULD NEVER IGNORE SOMEONE LIKE ME FOR A MUSKY PLACE SUCH AS THIS!
BUT, JANICE... YOU KNOW WHAT THIS TOMB COULD MEAN FOR US!
BORED OF THE HEAT BORED OF SAND IN MY NOSTRILS... SAND IN MY HAIR...
I GUESS YOU'D BE HAPPY IF I WAS A DASHINGLY ROMANTIC GIGOLO!
BUT THESE COLD ARTIFACTS BUY THOSE ENDLESS LUXURIES YOU CRAVE!
REJECTED AND DISGUSTED BY AN INATTENTIVE HUSBAND AND A MARRIAGE GONE FLAT, JANICE BOILED OVER WITH PENT UP SAVAGERY!
HEY! YOU LITTLE MAGGOT! WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN MY TENT? YOU MISERABLE THIEF!
MY HUSBAND'S RELICS! I TOLD CHARLES I WAS GOING TO KILL THE NEXT THIEVING NATIVE I CAUGHT PLUNDERING OUR POSSESSIONS!
JANICE! STOP! DON'T HURT HER!

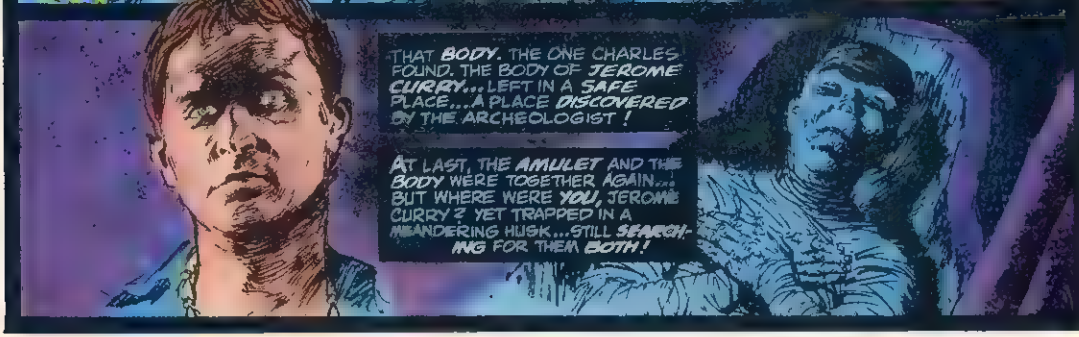
DON'T YOU HARM THAT CHILD! I PROMISED THESE TRIBESMEN NO ONE ELSE WOULD BE PUNCHED AROUND BY YOU!
SHE...SHE WAS STEALING ONE OF THOSE NECKLACES YOU DUG UP! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE GIVEN IT TO HER!


MAYBE THEN YOU'D START DIGGING AROUND FOR SOMETHING IN MY BED INSTEAD OF IN A STINKING TOMB!


GOD! WHY DID I TEAM UP WITH A LIMP ROPE LIKE YOU? I NEED A REAL MAN! NOT A DUNG BEETLE!


IN TIME, THE WOMAN'S NEEDS OVERCAME ALL VOWS AND PROMISES. CHARLES GLIMPSED MORE THAN ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION PROBING HER CHARMS RATHER THAN SARCOPHAGUSES. YET HE WAS POWER-LESS
THEN HE REMEMBERED THE AMULET... THE ONE THE CHILD HAD TRIED TO STEAL...


YES, THE BODY! I FOUND THAT STRANGE BODY IN THE OUTER CRYPT RIGHT AFTER I DISCOVERED THE AMULET. HE HADN'T BEEN DEAD LONG... HIS TISSUES WERE FRESH! HE WAS HANDSOME, VIRILE, POTENT!
I WRAPPED HIM UP AND HID HIM AWAY. NOW... I KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO!


THAT BODY. THE ONE CHARLES FOUND. THE BODY OF JEROME CURRY... LEFT IN A SAFE PLACE... A PLACE DISCOVERED BY THE ARCHEOLOGIST!
AT LAST, THE AMULET AND THE BODY WERE TOGETHER AGAIN... BUT WHERE WERE YOU, JEROME CURRY? YET TRAPPED IN A MEANDERING HUSK... STILL SEARCHING FOR THEM BOTH!

WASN'T PROF. MIDERMAN SURPRISED WHEN A HANDSOME YOUNG "STRANGER" FOUND HIS WAY INTO CAMP JUST AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF CHARLES BENNING? BUT, OF COURSE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT WAS HAPPENING, DID YOU, JEROME? YOUR HANDSOME BODY WAS NOW HARBORING THE MIND AND SOUL OF A PLAIN LITTLE MAN... WHO WANTED SIMPLY TO LIVE ANEW.

WHAT'S THAT, YOUNG MAN? WHY, YES. MATTER OF FACT WE COULD USE SOME HELP! OUR HEAD ARCHEOLOGIST TURNED UP MISSING JUST YESTERDAY.

AND YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS TOMB SITE? HOW... FORTUNATE.

THEY NEVER EVEN MISSED POOR CHARLES BENNING. HOW COULD THEY WHEN THEY HAD HIS KNOWLEDGE INSIDE YOUR OWN STRIKINGLY HANDSOME, YOUNG BODY? BUT WHERE WERE YOU, JEROME?

WE'D CONSIDER OURSELVES FORTUNATE TO HAVE YOU JOIN OUR EXPEDITION. YOUR TIMING IS EXTREMELY GOOD. WELCOME ABOARD! WE BEGIN DIGGING IN THE MORNING.

NO, YOU COULDN'T KNOW ALL THAT, COULD YOU, JEROME? YOU WERE BUSY FOLLOWING YOUR INSTINCTS... TIRELESSLY TREKKING ACROSS A BAREN WASTELAND, LOOKING FOR YOUR AMULET... AND YOUR BODY. REMEMBER?

WITH THE EYES OF JEROME CURRY, CHARLES BENNING WATCHED HIS WIFE... OR WAS THAT EX-WIFE... CASTING HIM AN APPROVING EYE. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, HER GAZE STIRRED LONG DEAD COALS...

WE'LL MAKE THE ENTRY POINT THE EAST WALL HERE, GENTLEMEN. AND YOU, SIR, SINCE YOU ARE OUR NEWEST MEMBER, YOU HAVE THE PRIVILEDGE OF STRIKING THE FIRST POST.

YES, I THINK WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET ALONG FAMOUSLY. PITY CHARLES LEFT US! BUT I THINK WE'VE GAINED A MORE DYNAMIC PERSONAGE TO TAKE HIS PLACE!

WHY, THANK YOU, SIR.

HMM, THIS NEW MAN... BET HE CAN REPLACE POOR, BLAND CHARLES IN MORE WAY THAN ONE!

WITH JANICE LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL RANDY AS HELL!

THAT'S WHEN YOU FINALLY *ARRIVED*, ISN'T IT, JEROME? FOLLOWING SOME ANCIENT SENSE STILL LEFT IN THE DECAYED MUMMY YOU'VE OCCUPIED FOR SO LONG. THAT'S WHEN YOU CAME INTO THE VERY ROOM WHERE YOU HID YOUR *BODY*... THE ROOM WHERE THE *AMULET* HAD *RETURNED* TO WAIT FOR *YOU*. BUT YOU WERE *SO SLOW*.

YOU LOOKED *FIRST* FOR YOUR BODY.

WHA--?? I-IT'S *GONE*! B-BUT A *DIFFERENT* BODY HAS BEEN LEFT IN ITS PLACE?

SOMEONE'S TAKEN *MY* BODY IN EXCHANGE FOR *THIS* ONE!

THE *AMULET*! WHOEVER FOUND YOUR BODY ALSO FOUND THE AMULET! AND FOR SOME STRANGE REASON USED IT TO *TAKE* YOUR BODY, LEAVING THIS CLUMSY FORM AS A POOR *SUBSTITUTE* FOR YOUR OWN!

FIND THE *AMULET*! GET IT *BACK*! FIND YOUR *BODY*! GET BACK INTO IT AND *RUN*! RUN FAR, *FAR* AWAY FROM THIS NIGHTMARE YOU'VE LIVED FOR SO LONG, JEROME!

WHERE IS THE AMULET? *WHERE* IS MY BODY? *GOD*!

FEAR RUNS LIKE AN ICY RIVER THROUGH YOUR TRAPPED SOUL! BLEEDING, FESTERING FEAR, CRAWLING THROUGH YOUR BRAIN LIKE BURNING WORMS, SEND YOU *MAD* WITH *RAGE*! YOU RIP THE TOMB APART! THE AMULET *MUST* BE HERE! YOUR BODY TOO...

...BUT THEY ARE *NOT*!

DAMMIT TO *HELL*! IT CAN'T *END* LIKE *THIS*! IT *CAN'T*!

CRAK-CLOSH!

FINALLY...YOU DID FIND SOMETHING, DIDN'T YOU, JEROME? THE THIEF! THE BODY STEALING GHOUL! AND YOU KNEW... HE MUST PAY!
BUT FOOL! NOT WITH HIS LIFE!
SHOFR!
YET... YOU'RE TOO FAR GONE WITH HATRED AND FEAR TO COMPREHEND WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
YOU CAN NOW ONLY THINK OF THE AMULET... AND THE GIRL!
MAKE HER TELL WHERE THE AMULET IS! MAKE HER!
BUT SHE DOES NOT TELL. AND YOU REALIZE SHE WILL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN. AND IT'S ONLY THEN, YOU REALIZE... YOU ALSO KILLED ANOTHER THIS NIGHT, JEROME... YOURSELF! YOU REALIZE YOU'VE JUST COMMITTED SUICIDE!
OH MY GOD! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

BUT THEN YOU REMEMBERED...THE MAN WHO STOLE *YOUR* BODY, LEFT *HIS* IN THE TOMB.

IF YOU CAN JUST *FIND* THE AMULET, YOU CAN TRANSFER INTO *HIS* BODY. AT LEAST IT'S A CHANCE TO *LIVE!*

BUT...IT'S TOO LATE, JEROME! FOR YOU...THE FINAL PAGES OF LIFE HAVE FINALLY BEEN WRITTEN!

THE *CROWD!* THEY SAW YOU! YOU *TERRIFIED* THEM! THEY HURLED *TORCHES* AT YOU AND THE FLAMES INSTANTLY *ENGULFED* THE PARCHED HUSK YOU OCCUPY.

THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, DID THEY JEROME?

THEY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT YOU NEVER MEANT THEM *HARM*...FOR YOU COULD NOT TELL THEM! YOU COULD NOT GET ANCIENT, ROTTING VOCAL CHORDS TO *FUNCTION*...

THE *PAIN*. REMEMBER THAT HORRIBLE SEARING *AGONY*? THE *FLAMES*! THE *FIRE*! BUT LOOK? *THERE*! AROUND THAT LITTLE GIRL'S *NECK*!

THE AMULET!

REMEMBER, JEROME? YOUR *LEGS* CEASED WORKING! THE MUMMIFIED REMAINS *DWINDLED* IN THE *FLAMES*! AND YET YOU *STRUGGLED*... YOU *CRAWLED*...GREEDY, STUPID, MURDEROUS *FOOL*...IN ONE DESPERATE LUNGE, YOU REACHED TOWARDS YOUR *SALVATION*...!

THEN YOU *REALIZED*...YOU KNEW YOU WERE...*DEAD*. IT WAS *OVER*. YOU DIED JUST A FEW FEET FROM *REDEMPTION*! A FEW FEET!

AND AN *END* CAME HERE. BACK AT THE BEGINNING POINT. A FEW FEET DOWN IN GRITTY, HOT SAND...IN A TOMBING SARCOPHAGUS OF WEATHERED WORMWOOD.

AND THE LAST THING YOU HEAR IS YOUR OWN VOICE, SCREAMING INTO YOUR OWN SOUL..."YOU *KILLED* YOURSELF, FOOL! YOU KILLED *YOURSELF*!"

THE MUMMY'S FINAL VICTIM... WAS *YOU!*

THE MAN is SCARED, AND FOR GOOD REASON. HIS KNUCKLES ARE WHITE AT HIS SIDES AS HE GAZES DOWN ONTO THE DARKENED, MOON-SPLASHED STREET. SMALL MIDNIGHT FORMS ARE CONGREGATED IN FRONT OF HIS SOLITARY, [illegible] HOME ...SMALL FIGURES WHICH WERE ONCE...

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE

HE IS WRACKED WITH TERRIBLE AMBIVALENCE. HE THINKS OF HIS MURDERED WIFE AND HISSES A CURSE. HE LONGS TO LEAVE HIS PRISON HOME, TO WALK THE STREETS IN FREEDOM... BUT THAT IS ALSO THE *LAST* THING HE WANTS... AT LEAST WHILE IT IS *NIGHT*...

HE IS HELPLESSLY SEQUESTERED IN HIS FORTRESS OF MOCKING SOLITUDE, AND ALL HE CAN DO IS WATCH THE CHILDREN AS THEY PLAY...

...HE WATCHES, HELPLESS AND HORRIFIED, AS THE CHILDREN PLAY... AT THEIR MOST *DEADLY GAMES*...

STORY: DOUG MOENCH / ART: JAIME BROCAL

HE **WATCHES** AS ONE OF THEM, WITH THE CURIOUSLY AWKWARD YET COORDINATED GAIT OF A CHILD, ISOLATES HIMSELF FROM THE REST AND STANDS BELOW HIS WINDOW. HE HEARS THE PLAINTIVE VOICE, MUFFLED THROUGH GLASS PANES, AND HE **SHUDDERS** UNCONTROLLABLY...

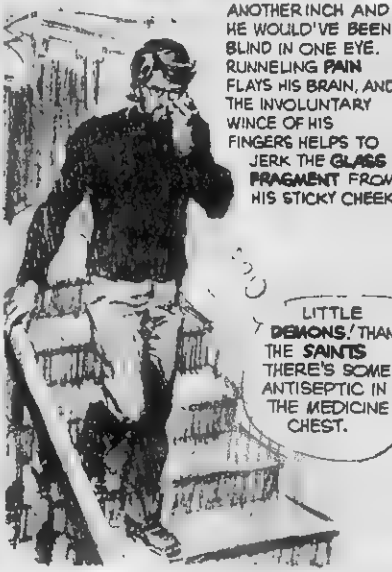
AND FEAR-FUELED **RAGE** SEARS HIS BODY, HIS ***MIND***. HE FEELS ENCROACHING INSANITY SEEP OVER HIM LIKE A SPREADING BLOT OF INK, AND THE SIGHT OF THE **HUMAN CONFLAGRATION** CAUSES HIM TO CRY OUT HOARSELY...

FOR A SINGLE, FLEETING INSTANT, NIGEL FEELS **FOOLISH** FOR YELLING AT THE CHILD WITH SUCH WILD FRENZY. IT WAS LUDICROUS, FATUOUS TO LET A ***CHILD*** ANGER HIM TO SUCH LIMITS...

THEN THE ROCK SHATTERS THE WINDOW AND HIS THOUGHTS... JAGGED SHARDS OF GLASS **SPEW** IN ON HIM... AND HE REELS BACK, **NO LONGER** FEELING **FOOLISH** OVER HIS TERROR OF THE CHILDREN...

FEVERISHLY, HIS HANDS SEEK THE HEAVY WOODEN SHUTTERS, CLAPPING THEM INTO PLACE OVER THE RUINED WINDOW... WHILE THE INCESSANT RAIN OF STONES **THUDS HOLLOWLY** AGAINST THE WALLS OUTSIDE...

ANOTHER INCH AND HE WOULD'VE BEEN BLIND IN ONE EYE. RUNNELING **PAIN** FLAYS HIS BRAIN, AND THE INVOLUNTARY WINCE OF HIS FINGERS HELPS TO JERK THE **GLASS FRAGMENT** FROM HIS STICKY CHEEK.



THIS CHEEK AN OOZING GASH OF PAIN, HE SHUFFLES PAST THE MAKESHIFT IMPLACABILITY OF HIS HOME... DOORS AND WINDOWS **LOCKED**, STURDY OAK PLANKS **NAILED** ACROSS THEM...

JUSTICE... WHERE IS IT NOW? THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME -- BUT I ***KNEW*** ALONE, OF THEM ALL, ***I*** KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN... AND NOW I'M **CAGED** LIKE A DIFFIDENT HAMSTER WHILE ALLEY CATS PLAYFULLY TOY OUTSIDE MY BARS! THERE'S NO JUSTICE ...ONLY COLD ***IRONY!***

HE HAS BEEN ALONE FOR SO VERY ***LONG*** THAT NOT EVEN THE MIRROR PROVIDES COMPANY NOW. HE HAS LONG SINCE TIRED OF SPEAKING TO HIS MOCKING REFLECTION... A REFLECTION WHICH DOES NOT ***FEEL*** THE STINGING BITE OF THE ASTRINGENT MEDICATION, WHICH ONLY ***MIMICS*** HIS PAIN...

NOTHING CAN DROWN THE MEMORIES OF THE PAST OR THE HARSH REALITY OF THE PRESENT... BUT HE POURS THE LIQUOR ANYWAY, WITH TREMBLING HANDS...

WHY DID THE RECORD PLAYER HAVE TO BREAK ***NOW?*** WORKED ***FINE*** ALL THOSE YEARS I NEVER REALLY NEEDED OR APPRECIATED IT...

THERE IS NOTHING NO SOUNDS TO OVERWHELM THE FIENDISH GIGGLING OF THE CHILDREN AS THEY CAPER ABOUT ON HIS LAWN, TOSSING STONES AND BRICKS AT HIS WALLS. HE LACKS THE PATIENCE NECESSARY TO **REPAIR** HIS RECORD PLAYER... RADIO AND TELEVISION TRANSMISSION ARE ***MIRACLES*** OF THE LONG-AGO PAST...

WHY WOULDN'T THEY ***LISTEN*** TO ME? ALL THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN... ***AVERTED***. IF ONLY THEY HAD KEPT OPEN MINDS!

HIS ACHING EYES TRAVEL ACROSS THE ROOM, ***LOOKING AT*** BUT NEVER ***SEEING*** THE FAMILIARLY ALIEN OBJECTS OF HIS PAST... [illegible] HIS PRECIOUS BOOKS BOOKS **STEEPED** IN [illegible] ASTROLOGY, VO[illegible] LICANTHROPY, SPIRITUALISM, VAMPIRISM... A[illegible] ***PALMISTRY***...

WHERE ARE YOU ***NOW***, MR. NICE [illegible] VOLUNTEER LECTURER [illegible] INSIDIOUS EXPERT ON THE OCCULT, THE ARCANE, THE [illegible] WHERE ***ARE*** YOU? TRAPPED IN YOUR HOVEL, A VICTIM OF PROCRASTINATION AND SCOFFING CONDESCENSION.

FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME, ***MEMORIES*** FLASH-FLOOD ACROSS HIS MIND, MERCIFULLY OBSTRUCTING THE PUERILE TAUNTS AND LAUGHTER FROM OUTSIDE. HE REMEMBERS HOW IT ALL STARTED... FOR ***HIM***, BEHIND AN AUSTERE PODIUM...

AND SO YOU SEE, WHILE MANY POMPOUS MEMBERS OF SCIENCE MAY **DENY** IT, THE ART OF READING PALMS HOLDS MANY TRUTHS. NOW, MAY I HAVE A VOLUNTEER FROM THE AUDIENCE SO THAT WE MAY **DEMONSTRATE**...?

THERE HAD BEEN SOMETHING **STRANGE** ABOUT THE AUDIENCE -- THEY HAD SEEMED *MORE* ASTUTE THAN THE AVERAGE GRADE SCHOOL STUDENT, POSSESSING A LONGER ATTENTION SPAN, A **GREATER** INTELLIGENCE. HE SENSED THAT HIS CONSCIOUS AVOIDANCE OF LARGE WORDS HAD BEEN **WASTED EFFORT**... THAT THEY COULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD ***ANYTHING*** HE HAD TO SAY, AND ***MORE***. THEY WERE RESERVED, ALOOF... BUT FINALLY A VOLUNTEER **EMERGED** FROM THEIR STAID RANKS.

AH, **HERE** WE HAVE A HANDSOME SUBJECT. TELL *ME*, DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE VALIDITY OF PALM-READING?

YES.

HE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE SAW ETCHED IN THE CHILD'S PALM... IT WAS ***TRAGIC*** AND IT **SHOCKED** HIM.

IT ***CAN'T*** BE.... THE LIFELINE IS SO ***SHORT***. IT CAN'T REPRESENT MORE THAN TEN OR TWELVE YEARS! THIS CHILD WILL SOON ***DIE!***

UH... YOU WILL HAVE A VERY **LONG** AND **PROSPEROUS** LIFE, YOUNG MAN...

YOU'RE ***LYING***... AND YOU ***KNOW*** IT!

THE YOUNG BOY'S **FLAGRANT** ACCUSATION HAD UNNERVED HIM. EVEN **MORE** UNSETTLING WAS THE STEELY **DEFIANCE** WHICH SEETHED BEHIND THE CHILD'S LAMBENTLY BURNING EYES. **MIGEL DISMISSED HIM** WITH ANNOYED AGITATION...

THAT WILL BE ALL YOUNG MAN! YOU, MAY WE HAVE ***ANOTHER*** VOLUNTEER...?

WHAT HE SAW IN THE **SECOND** PALM **STUNNED** HIM... STRETCHED THE **LIMITS** OF HIS CREDIBILITY...

NO! IT C-CAN'T ***BE***...! THE ***SAME***... THIS GIRL'S LIFELINE IS JUST AS ***SHORT*** AS THE **BOY'S WAS!** SHE TOO WILL DIE AT **ANY TIME NOW!**

APPREHENSION WAS A **THICK**, DRY WAD **CLOGGING** HIS THROAT, BUT HE HAD TO FIND OUT... HE STEPPED DOWN FROM THE LECTERN AND MINGLED THROUGH THE AUDIENCE OF STOLID CHILDREN, EXAMINING PALMS WITH **LIGHTNING RAPIDITY**...

ALL OF THEM! **EVERY LAST PALM!** ALL OF THESE CHILDREN WILL ***DIE! SOON!***

THE APOCALYPTIC REVELATION HAD BEEN **TOO MUCH** FOR HIM. HE FLED THE HUSHED AUDITORIUM AMID THE SHRIEKING CACOPHONY OF HIS **RUSHING MIND**...

WHAT DOES IT ALL ***MEAN***? WHAT ***CAN*** IT MEAN?

THE LIQUOR IS GONE NOW, BUT THE REMEMBRANCE LINGERS ON...

WHAT A *FOOL* I WAS ... **PREACHING DOOM** FOR THE ENTIRE WORLD, PROCLAIMING A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST WOULD DESTROY **EVERYONE** ON **EARTH**, THAT IT WAS PLAINLY WRITTEN IN THE PALMS OF OUR CHILDREN... UNTIL I REALIZED THAT ALL THE ***ADULTS*** STILL HAD ***NORMAL*** LIFELINES...

I WAS SO **WRAPPED** UP IN THE DISCOVERY THAT I **OVERLOOKED** THE OBVIOUS... THAT EVERYONE ELSE OF EVERY AGE WOULD HAVE TO HAVE CORRESPONDING LIFELINES ACCORDING TO THEIR AGES. I WAS AS DRUNK ***THEN*** AS I AM ***NOW***... AND IT DISCREDITED ME FOREVER, MADE THEM DISREGARD ***ANYTHING*** I SAID!

BUT NOW THE CLUMPING SOUND FROM ABOVE **INTRUDES** UPON HIS BITTER REVERIE, AND HE **JERKS** FROM THE COUCH WITH TACIT RESOLVE...

HE **BOLTS** UP THE STAIRS, **THREE** AT A TIME...

..BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR INTO HIS BEDROOM, THE BEDROOM HE ONCE ***SHARED*** WITH HIS ***WIFE***...

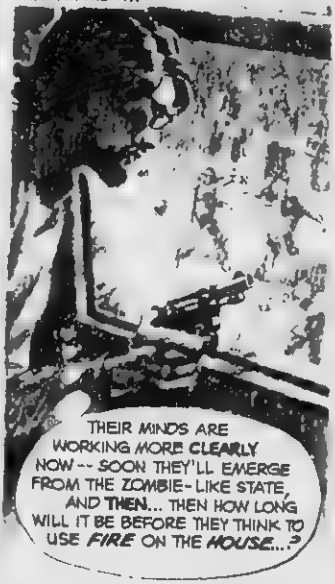
..AND CONFRONTS THE CALM BUT **INTENSE** VISAGE OF EVIL'S MOST DECEPTIVE **PERMUTATION**... HE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AS HE HAS DONE SO MANY TIMES IN THESE PAST FEW MONTHS...

...AND **WITHDRAWS** A **GLEAMING** REVOLVER, WHICH EMPTIES FOUR WITHERING SLUGS INTO THE CHILD'S FOREHEAD...

CARELESSLY, HE STEPS OVER THE PROSTRATE, STILL-BLEEDING FORM AND CROSSES TO THE WINDOW, A BILLOWING WIND AND ***SOMETHING ELSE*** CHILLING HIS NERVE-WRACKED BODY...

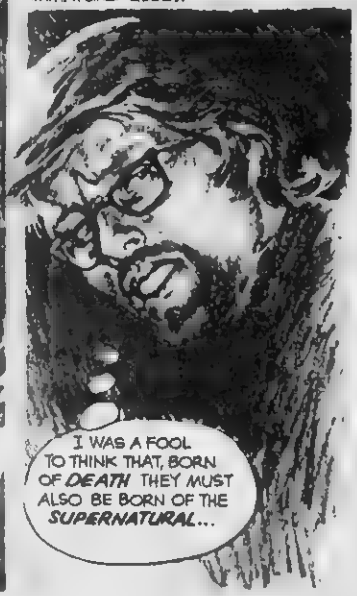
CONVULSIVELY, HE HEAVES AGAINST THE COARSE WOOD OF THE LADDER... SPLINTERS **CHEW** INTO HIS PALMS, AND DIMINUTIVE FORMS PLUMMET SOUNDLESSLY TO HURTLING **DEATHS**...

HE ATTENDS THE **OTHER** WINDOWS, DOUBLE-LOCKING THE SHUTTERS AND THEN SITS IN A CHAIR TO BEGIN HIS NIGHT-LONG VIGIL. THE MUFFLED SOUND OF ROCKS STEADILY BEATING AGAINST HIS HOUSE... THE HOUSE WHICH IRONY ALLOWED HIM TO FORTIFY, BECAUSE HE WAS ***AWARE*** AND SO HE CAN ENDURE THIS TORMENT..

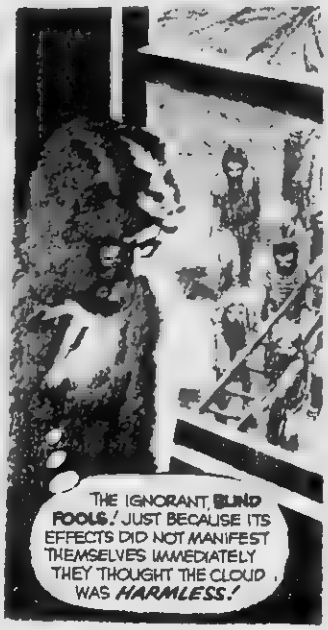


HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE THE FIRST NIGHT THEY CAME IN **STREAMING, GIGGLING** DROVES TO SURROUND HIS HOME WITH THEIR AWFUL PRESENCE, HORRIBLY BESEECHING HIM TO COME OUT...? HOW MANY HAS HE KILLED? HOW MANY BULLETS REMAIN... BESIDES THE ONE HE SAVES.. FOR HIMSELF?

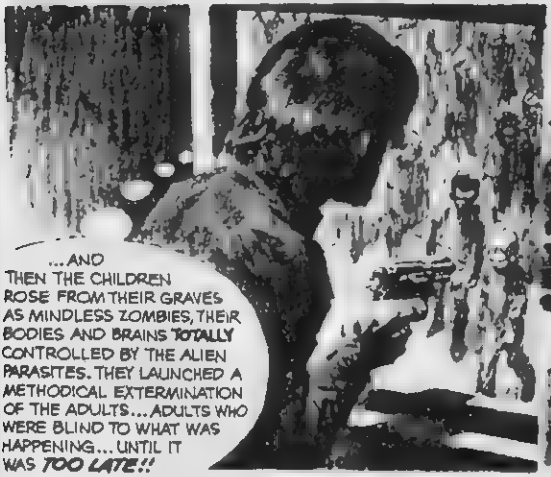
AT FIRST HE'D THOUGHT THEY WERE **VAMPIRES** OR **GHOULS**, COMING OUT ONLY AT NIGHT AS THEY DID. BUT THEY NEVER BOTHERED TO DRINK THE BLOOD OF THE ADULTS OR TO EAT OF THEIR FLESH -- THEY MERELY ***BURNED*** THEM WITH CHILDISH FASCINATION AND IMMATURE GLEE..



THEN HE'D REMEMBERED THE CLOUD OF THICK MIST... COSMIC DUST, THE ASTRONOMERS HAD CALLED IT... WHICH HAD SWEPT OVER ALL OF EARTH TWELVE YEARS EARLIER...



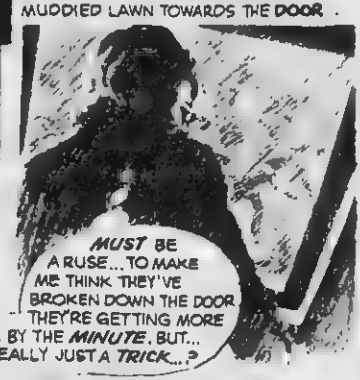
THE LITTLE DEMONS WHO NOW SCURRIED AND SCAMPERED ACROSS THE LAWN BELOW HAD BEEN CREATED IN DEATH AND THEREAFTER HAD BECOME AGENTS OF DEATH. THEY WERE BOTH DEATHSPAWN AND DEATH'S PAWNS...



HE KNOWS IT IS *LESS* THAN FUTILE, BUT HE CONTINUES TO PUMP SHRIEKING LEAD INTO THE SWARMING ENFANTS TERRIBLE... EVEN WHEN THE METHODICAL THUMPING RISES FROM THE FIRST FLOOR...

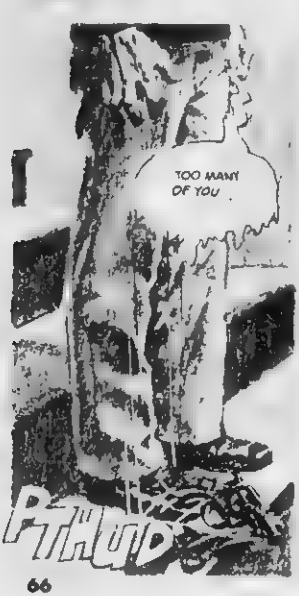
THE ROLLING BOOM OF SUDDEN THUNDER REVERBERATES BEHIND THE SOUND OF HIS SHOTS... RAIN FALLS IN CASCADING SHEETS, CLEANSING *NOTHING*... AND STILL THE INCESSANT HAMMERING PERSISTS FROM BELOW... DEATH'S INFANT SURROGATES COME TO CALL...

THICK RAIN SLUICES DOWN WITH UNRELENTING FURY .. THE THUNDER CONTINUES, BUT THE BEATING ON THE FRONT DOOR HALTS ABRUPTLY... AND THE CHILDREN STREAM ACROSS THE MUDDIED LAWN TOWARDS THE DOOR .



LIGHTNING FLARES ACROSS THE BLACK FIRMAMENT, ILLUMINATING NIGEL'S UNCERTAIN FACE. HE RISES, AND WALKS TOWARD THE STAIRWAY, THINKING ONLY OF HIS SLAIN WIFE... BURNED, LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...

THE TORCHES ARE ALREADY LIT, HELD BY THOSE WHO ONCE REPRESENTED THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE... AND WHO NOW SPELL A FUTURE WITHOUT HOPE FOR HUMANITY...



HE ACQUIESCES TO FATE'S CRUEL MASTER PLAN, DESCENDS THE STAIRS ON NUMB LEGS. THE CHILDREN HAVE COME IN FROM THE RAIN TO *PLAY*... TO PLAY WITH THE *LAST ADULT* ON EARTH. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE ONCE WHO HAD MURDERED HIS WIFE, AND LISTENS TO HIS DECEPTIVELY SOFT VOICE...

THE COMIC BOOKS

By Joe Brancatelli

There is an unsavory truth about the comic-book business that disturbs me as a practicing writer interested in the success of well-written material, frightens me as a charter member of the quality-sells-itself school, concerns me as a dyed-in-the-dollar capitalist and scares the hell out of me as a comic-book fan.

The unsavory truth is a simple one: Comic books could develop into the most creative medium in the art world and still go the way of *Collier's*, or *Life* or *Look* or any defunct magazine.

Many of the sharper people in the industry have known for years that the key to the survival of the comic book lies not solely in artistic creativity, but in the effective utilization of the nation's notoriously poor distribution network.

Along with just about every other consumer magazine in circulation today, comic books suffer from very poor distribution from publisher to eventual buyer. The labyrinth that is the nation's distribution system has been tettering on the brink of total collapse for dozens of years, certifiably unable to bear the brunt of lackadaisical publishers, inefficient national distributors and monopolistic local independents. And while some magazines in the narrow special interest field can survive and occasionally prosper within the creaking system, the high-volume, low-profit nature of the comic-book business is being ripped apart.

In simplest terms, every comic book ever published could be on a par with *Hamlet*, but it will never sell because the distribution system has broken down.

Barring a monumentous act of the elusive god of publishing guile—or a concerted, multi-billion dollar magazine industry drive—we're stuck with the system as it now exists. However, there is an effective and tested way for the comic-book industry to deal with some of the problems and, if nothing else, stave off a disastrous, short-range collapse of sales.

One remedy for the crumbling system—the one can could quickly and cheaply be grafted onto the comic world—was stumbled upon years ago by Generose Pope, the prosperous and cunning publisher of *The National Enquirer*. Possibly the least credible—but most widely read—weekly periodical in the world, TNE still uses the Pope formula to give it the circulation edge over his two gossips-come-lately, the schlocky *National Star* and Time, Inc.'s light, airy and superfluous *People*.

Briefly, Pope employs his own 900-person staff of part-time and full-time employes, all with the sole task of making sure that *The National Enquirer* is well represented on the nation's retail periodical racks. While TNE, like every fast-selling magazine, is distributed by a major national company which specializes in periodical dissemination, Pope long ago saw the need for in-house employes to service retailers directly.

Best of all, the system works. *The National Enquirer* sells about 5 million copies a week at 30 cents each—an incredible 260 million copies a year. And, according to *Good Housekeeping* editor John Mack Carter, the retail-check system spells the difference between TNE and dozens of other competing weekly gossip tabloids.

Writing in *Folio*, the magazine of magazine management, the well-respected and powerful Carter said "The importance of this regular policing has been proven in tests of (retail) displays left without checkups. The weekly sale of copies without any checkup falls 40 per cent."

Pope, Carter continued, has a dream of selling 80 per cent of all the copies he prints (most magazines are profitable at the 45 per cent mark, while a 50 per cent sale is considered exceptional). "This is not an impossible dream," Carter concludes, "as *(National Enquirer)* sales have gone as high as 89 per cent and rarely fall as low as 70 per cent."

To understand the significance of Pope's retail checking system, it is necessary to understand how comic books and other magazines get from the publisher to you. After a magazine is published, it is usually sent directly from the printer to a string of local "independent distributors" who have agreed to distribute the book under contract with a "national distributor." Since most local distributors have a geographic monopoly (developed gradually through the years and presently being contested in the court system), he not only receives almost *all* the magazines published; he gets *all* the comic books published by National, Marvel, Charlton, Gold Key, Harvey, Archie and Warren.

As you might suspect, neither he nor his string of retailers can adequately merchandise all the magazines *and* all the comics. More often than not, many books get lost in the shuffle, never leave the distributors' warehouse or never make it from the retailers' bundle to has limited display space. Moreover, since comic books offer both independent distributors and retailers an embarrasingly poor profit when compared to more prestigious books like *Time, Playboy, Esquire, Cosmopolitan* or the others, the four-color cheapies are most often left behind.

In 1974, when I was on a cross-country assignment for the Gannett newspaper chain, I surveyed 50 independent distributors, and it was their consensus that only about one comic book in four printed actually reaches the retail shelves

Naturally, even if the comic book is the greatest thing since sliced bread creatively, the distribution snafus almost surely guarantee dreadful sales.

Since they are the most severely affected publishers, the nation's comic-book producers would be wise to institute Pope's system for their own protection. Unlike Pope, they wouldn't even have to pay people to do their checking. There are thousands of fans across the country who would gladly volunteer to check newsstands, if for no other reason than to assure that they themselves can purchase the comic book they want when it is published. Should some farsighted publisher be so generous as to offer his volunteer checkers a bonus in the way of free merchandise, he would assure a rabid loyalty and devotion to retail-rack checking heretofore unknown in business circles.

The advantages are obvious for both the publisher and the fan, as well as the distributor. For the publisher, once aware of which retail outlets are undersupplied, oversupplied or badly supplied, he can act to rectify the situation quickly, improve his sales markedly—and possibly even keep his job when the stockholders ask him what he's done for them lately. For the fan, he has the satisfaction of knowing the comic-book business needs *him* as well as just his dollars, and he is also assured of a relatively even flow of comic books. And for the distributor (and retailer), they have an opportunity to increase their own flagging profits and have eager-beaver— unpaid — volunteers doing the work *they* should have done a long time ago.

Heaven forbid, but the damn thing makes sense. No wonder the only comic-book attempt at a similar system (in 1971), National's DC Survey Club, went down in flames due to corporate deceit, stupidity and neglect.

If only Generoso Pope published comic books.

Joe Brancatelli, a long-time comic-art fan and collector, is an editor and reporter at Fairchild Publications, the nation's largest chain of business newspapers.

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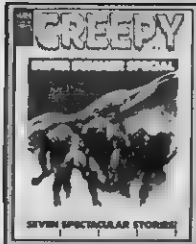

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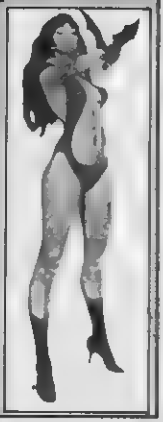

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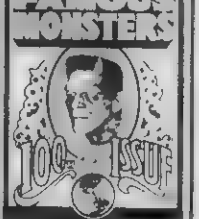

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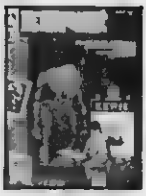
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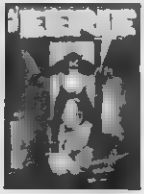
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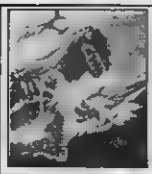

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Watch this ugly mammoth being as he invades the earth. He is the monster from the dark deep, out to destroy all! A must! 200' reel. Order—#22064 YONGARY $9.95

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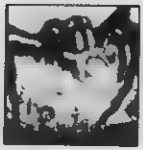
Christopher Lee as one of the greatest Frankenstein monsters ever! A 200' reel of suspense. REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN-Color #2223/ $19.95 or B/W #2222 $9.95



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A mad scientist experiments with a small spider and it grows monstrously huge and ravages first the lab and then the city and keeps on growing and devouring! 200' reel. #2203 TARANTULA $9.95

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The most fantastic journey ever on film! Vincent Price stars in this incredible movie. What a trip! Enjoy! 200' reel—#22065 WAR-GODS OF THE DEEP $9.95

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In the steaming depths of the Amazon's Black Lagoon, a gill-man creature from 150 million years ago prowls! 200' reel #2205 CREATURE FROM BLACK LAGOON $9.95

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Crushed by the savage slipping cult of the evil Dr. Kaswell, to wreak its unleashed terror upon mankind! 200' reel #2206 CURSE OF THE DEMON $9.95

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Down from the heavens swoops a gigantic mantis to prey upon all humanity and wreak doomsday destruction upon all in its path! 200 reel #2204 THE DEADLY MANTIS $9.95

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Bela Lugosi & Basil Rathbone are featured in one of many masterful sequels to the original fright classic! A must! 200' reel. #2215 SON OF FRANKENSTEIN $9.95

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A man doctor creates the most fearsome monster ever: a teenaged Frankenstein, combining boy's body and monster's mind! 200' reel #2214 TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN $9.95

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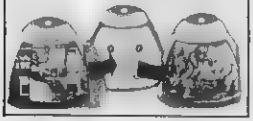

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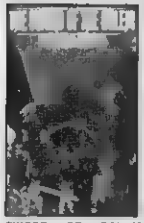

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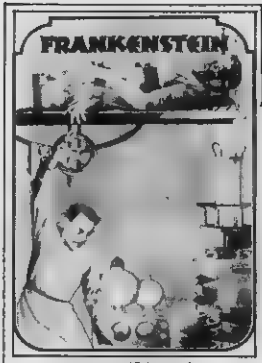

FRANKENSTEIN Full Color
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King Kong towers over the city! Mel Brooks' Young Frankenstein. 3 James Bond posters. 2 Frankenstein greats! What a selection of movie posters! Film buffs would be proud to own any and all of these fantastic posters. You can also choose from fabulously beautiful posters by artist Rich Corben. And Will Eisner's—The Spirit! Turn your home into a gallery with these black and white—and full color greats! Don't pass up a chance of a lifetime. Order today!

GET THEM ALL

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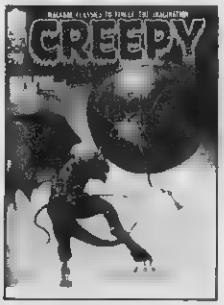

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28"x19" #2973/$3.00

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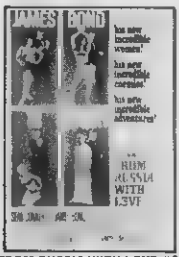

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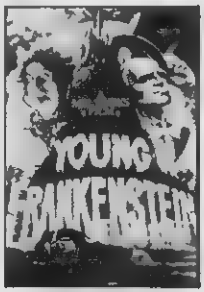

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN Full Color 40"x26" #2967/$2.50

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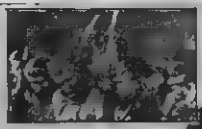


PLANET OF THE APES CHARLTON HESTON

An astronaut crashes on an unknown planet populated by mute, animalistic humans and a master-race of weapons-wielding apes. He is captured, escapes and heads for the Forbidden City and discovers artifacts, among them the Statue of Liberty!
SUPER 8 B & W #22053/$9.95
COLOR #22070/$19.95
COLOR/SOUND #22089 $24.95

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES

More astronauts land and are befriended by chimp-scientists, Cornelius and Zira. They journey to the Forbidden Zone and discover a warlike race of horrifying mutants. Apes, humans and mutants clash in battle for atomic warheads
SUPER 8 B&W #22054/$9.95
COLOR #22071 $19.95
COLOR/SOUND #22090/$24.95

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES

Cornelius and Zira find a working spaceship, escape atomic destruction of the Ape world, journey through the same time warp that stranded the astronauts. They land on a hostile modern earth. Government forces attack and destroy them
SUPER 8 B&W #22055/$9.95
COLOR #22072/$19.95
COLOR/SOUND #22091/$24.95

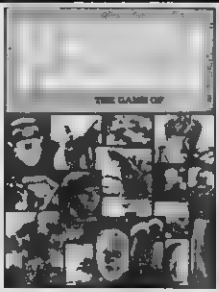
CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

Cornelius and Zira's son, Caesar, is raised by a kindly circus owner who knows his origin. He leads an insurrection against the ape-slaves' human owners. Los Angeles is destroyed in battle.
SUPER 8 BLACK & WHITE #22056/$9.95
COLOR #22073/$19.95
COLOR & SOUND #22092/$24.95

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

Caesar becomes a benevolent leader. Curiosity prompts him to search the Forbidden City for tapes of his parents. He is discovered by mutants who attack the apes' city amid a gorilla insurrection
SUPER 8 BLACK & WHITE #22057/$9.95
COLOR #22074/$19.95
COLOR & SOUND #22093/$24.95

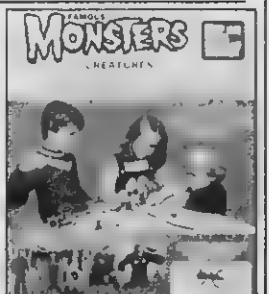
CREATURE FEATURE THE GAME OF HORROR



Be a famous monster and go on to fortune and win awards or become a flop to die penniless in oblivion. The choice is up to you! Included in this fabulous game is a giant game board (17"x23"), 32 photo cards of famous monsters, dice, tokens, play money, more! #24167/$7.00

FAMOUS MONSTERS STAND-UP KIT

Create your own table top horror shows with this FAMOUS MONSTERS AND CREATURES Stand Up Set. Included are two frightening scenes on heavy cardboard. Punch out the creatures & place them in their stands along with trees, skulls, tombstones, etc. You're now ready to devise your own dramas starring film horrors like Kong, Mummy, Phantom of the Opera, Creature from the Black Lagoon, Wolfman, Dracula & Frankenstein! To add the final touches there are spiders, bats and a red Salamander. Bonus! Plastic Spider! FM STAND UP SET #24166/$1.75



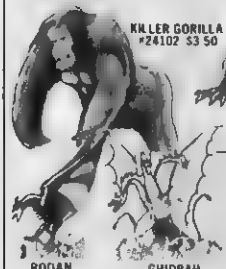
THE AGE OF REPTILES LIVES! DINOSAUR PUZZLES

Relive those old rough and tumble prehistoric days with your FAVORITE DINOS! These 2 panoramic-FULL COLOR jigsaw puzzles are fun for everyone! Stalk with the TYRANNOSAUR as he hunts for the 30 ton Thunder Lizard, BRONTOSAUR. Feel the earth tremble as the TYRANNOSAUR and TRICERATOPS battle. Each is 200 pieces & 20"x12" when assembled. Order now!

TYRANNO VS TRICERATOPS #2678/$1.39

BRONTOSAUR #2679 $1.39

MAKE A MONSTER! MODEL KITS



Monsters live! Now you can own realistic replicas of two lumbering modern giants. Snap-together plastic make assembly simple. Complete instructions are included! Both over 7 inches!

RODAN! one hundred tons of radioactive terror! GHIDRAH! The fire-breathing, wing flapping scaled horror from outer space! Now build your own detailed replicas of these famous Japanese movie behemoths. The heavy duty plastic pieces snap together to form a fierce, ferocious monster, a full 8 1/2 inches tall, intricately detailed and ready for action. Swiveling heads and tails help create lifelike action. Complete film history and display stand included.

SCI-FI HOME MOVIES

REG 8 AND SUPER 8! 200' REELS!

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Exposed to rays of the world's first Plutonium bomb-blast, a man is growing 10' per day! Will he destroy Los Angeles? Is there a way to stop him? Order & find out. #2232/$9.95

Here you have a great collection of some of the strangest science fiction films of all times! Prehistoric—futuristic men. Crash landings. Invaders. Beasts. Black & white flicks that are out of this world and all others! Don't miss out on these greats! Order today.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

Ray Bradbury's classic is also an incredible motion picture! An alien crashes to Earth & enslaves Earth people. The fact of Xenomorph is frightening! Thrills aplenty! #2233/$9.95

INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

Star, Grant Williams begins to shrink after passing through a weird mist. Smaller & smaller till he has to battle a now-giant cat & tarantula! What, awaits Beyond? Buy #2236/$9.95

WAR OF THE PLANETS

The planet Metaluna? That's where two Earth scientists are brought and find themselves in the middle of an incredible Universal War! Will they escape? Order & find out. #2235/$9.95

TROG

A Prehistoric man's body is found by Joan Crawford (scientist). After one million years of hibernation, how will the reanimated Neanderthal react? A terrific movie! #2262/$9.95

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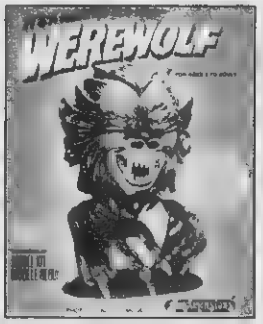
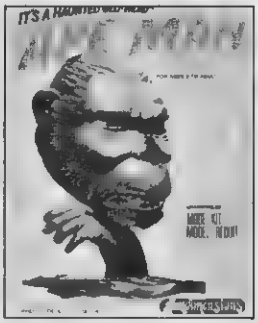
HAUNTED GLO-HEADS

6" TALL MODEL KITS THAT GLOW IN THE DARK

Glowing eeriely in the dark, each head rests on equally gruesome hands. They are made of sturdy, snap-together plastic, so no glue is needed and stand six inches tall. The heads are full, not just fronts, with finely detailed features which may be painted. Inside the kit is an offer for a full color (6"x9") monster iron-on.



At the height of the full moon a baying cry screams across the countryside and all who hear it know that tonight is the eve of the werewolf! With bared fangs this man-turned-wolf is on the prowl for victims. Chilling! WEREWOLF GLO HEAD 24162/$1 98



Before the dawn of civilization when humanity was more animal than human, the anthropoid monster was king! Some say that deep in the ice caves of the earth there are thousands such creatures, thawing! Watch for them! APE MAN GLO HEAD 24163/$1 98

Covered with graveyard mold; draped in a long, black, musty cape, here comes the most feared of supernatural beings the vampire! Each night the undead corpse rises from its coffin in search of blood! A scream-er! VAMPIRE GLO-HEAD 24161/$1 98

It is best to leave Egyptian tombs alone, because if you disturb them you will invoke the curse of the Mummy! His ancient, shriveled flesh peers through torn wrappings as his outstretched hand reaches for your throat! MUMMY GLO-HEAD 24164/$1 98

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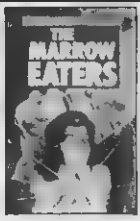
Grotesque Adventures into the World of Undying Monsters

TRUE VAMPIRES
A thoroughly researched book about vampires that actually walked the earth. A shocker of a book. #21041/$1.25

7 TICKETS TO HELL
A treasure in gold, an army of zombies, and monster worms. And then there's the curse #21048/$1 00



THE MARROW EATERS
Creatures from a pit of unspeakable horror crawl amongst mankind, sucking life from our bones. #21047/$1 00

NIGHT OF THE WOLF
A wandering werewolf, not content with his home, crosses the ocean in search of new blood! #21049/$1 00

HOSPITAL HORROR
The setting is a hospital, with unearthly goings-on within torture and fiends abound! #21045/$1.00

DRACULA RETURNS
Right where the original left off! Using the technology of modern science 2 scientists reincarnate Dracula! #2106/95¢

HAND OF DRACULA
It began as a scavenger hunt in a funeral parlor. The director's bizarre ideas made Dracula shudder! #21042/95¢

GHOUL LOVER
The incredible Dr Von Cosel brings a beautiful young girl back to life for a fiendish purpose #21050/$1.00

CURSE OF QUINTANA
From under the earth come 10' tall man-monsters, the Mimons of Rahu. Will keep you tranced. #21051/$1 00

FRANKENSTEIN WHEEL
A return to the characters of Mary Shelley in this first serious sequel to the classic. #21052/$1 00

VAMPIRE WOMEN
A scientist is very unsure that vampires walk the earth. That is, until he meets Dracula #21087/95¢

DRACULA'S BROTHERS
A flock of Vampire Bats were on a rampage. Would Dracula stop them if it meant war against his brothers? #21133/95¢

DRACULA'S GOLD
Is the mysterious woman in white, who lurks in the shadows, the deadly slasher or is Dracula the killer? #21134/95¢

DRUMS OF DRACULA
Daddy Bones was a Voodoo priest and even Dracula felt helpless against a hoard of Devildolls and Zombies! #21135/95¢

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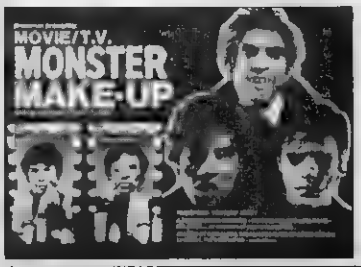
MONSTER MAKE-UP KIT

BEFORE IN PROGRESS

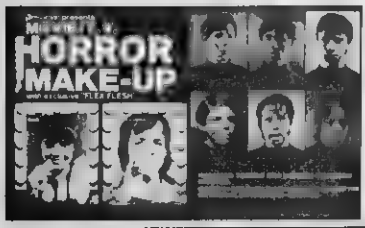


Now you can transform yourself into such famous movie and TV monsters as the Hunchback of Notre Dame, Frankenstein, Mr Hyde or devise your own thing! This kit was created by Dick Smith who did the make-up for The Exorcist and The Godfather! It contains the amazingly realistic Flex Flesh with molds, coloring, adhesive, teeth, hair, blood and an illustrated manual! #26009 MONSTER MAKE-UP $19 95

HORROR MAKE-UP KIT

Make-Up Artist in your own home! The instructions and material for more than 20 disfigurements are contained in set!

BEFORE IN PROGRESS



If you want to film a home-made horror flick or just terrify your friends, then here is the kit for it! Created by Dick (Godfather, Exorcist) Smith, this make-up package contains Flex Flesh which when mixed with water hardens into molds — noses, eyes, ears, lips cheeks of burnt, scar, red or decaying flesh! Buy it today! #26008 MAKE-UP HORROR $13 95

MONSTER MOVIES

EARTH vs. the FLYING SAUCERS

Alien beings from a dying world invade the earth in flying saucers. Their death rays soon make a shambles of the military of every country in the world. One lone genius stands between the invaders and devastation He has invented an anti-gravity ray the battle is on! Black & White. Regular 8 only. #22028/$9 95

20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH

Ray Harryhausen animates Ymir! A rocket returns from Venus and crashes into the ocean. From the open hatch washes an egg, taken from Venus. It floats to shore, then hatches. Within a few days the creature grows from a tiny reptilian bi-ped to a gigantic marauder! 60' tall! Black & White. Regular 8 only #22029/$9.95

EQUINOX

Equinox is the occult barrier between good and evil! A scientist disappears and a crew begins a search for him. They stumble upon gigantic footprints, a forbidding castle, an ancient book, then lumbering ape-like monsters under the control of a master-mind! Black & White. Regular 8 & Super 8. For only $9.95/ #2289

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PREHISTORIC ANIMALS 160 full color pages of dinos Fact packed story of ferocious monsters of days of old #21016/$1.95

WITCHCRAFT & BLACK MAGIC! Complete chronicle of Occult arts. Full color illustrations — 160 pages Order now. #21017 $1 95

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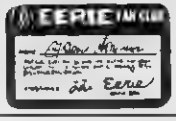
Our stunning little gal has been miniaturized into a 9" sticker! No doubt you've seen the masterful, full length portrait of Vampi by Jose Gonzales This sensational illustration has been printed on a durable, clear plastic, coated with a pre-gummed surface Apply on glass or clear plastic #2699 99¢ea 3 for $1 98

ORDER 2 GET 1 FREE!

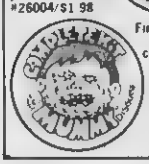
EERIE FAN CLUB

Get these gruesome goodies by joining Cousin Eerie's fan club. His lovely 8-1/2"x11 PORTRAIT (by Rich Corben), your official full color BADGE, plus a wallet-size MEMBERSHIP CARD! #2643 – All 3 Eerie items for $2 00



MONSTER MAKE-UP LAB

This Kit will turn your face into a thing of horror What's so different about this kit? It is low priced with glowing parts! WEREWOLF #26004/$1 98



First you apply the Face Stuff, then cotton (included) then the Face Stuff again Allow it to dry and you're done! It's easy! MUMMY #26005/$1 98

BIG BAT

It isn't a real bat but it certainly looks and feels like one! 14" wide on elastic string BAT 26006/$1 00

SUPER FLY

Ten times larger than a normal fly, this soft, pliable plastic Diptera is a must! With toy soldiers and model-sized buildings you can recreate movie scenes! FLY #26007/ $1 00

STAR TREK PUZZLES

Join the crew of the Enterprise in 3 adventure puzzles Fun to assemble and show! Great action scenes

14"x10" 150 Pieces #24130/$1 50

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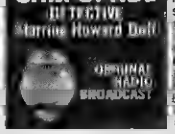
NICK CARTER One of the most popular and heroic detectives returned in radio, magazines, and movies. You've got to have to believe [illegible] #2347 $6.98



SAM SPADE Howard Duff, respected stage & film actor, portrays the famous detective created by Dashiell Hammett! Excitement [illegible] #2364 $6.98

FLASH GORDON Once again the greatest space hero of them all is back, at war with the Merciless Ming, Emperor of Mongo. [illegible] #2344 $6.98

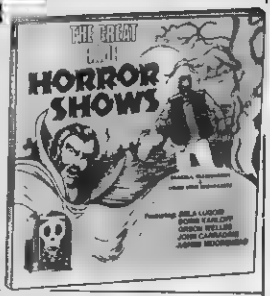
GREEN HORNET Doffing his air of distinction, Britt Reid becomes the greatest scourge of crime the underworld [illegible] #2343 $6.98

ARCHIE Most people are not aware that this popular old comic strip was also a radio show. Archie, Veronica, Jughead, others. #2361 $6.98

CHARLIE CHAN The great oriental detective first appeared in 1925 and has been a perennial favorite since. Courteous but deadly! #2365 $6.98

LONG PLAYING RECORDS GHOSTS, MONSTERS AND APES!

RADIO HORROR SHOWS A NEW 3 RECORD SET!



PRODUCTIONS IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES THESE SHOWS LEFT PEOPLE SHUDDERING WITH FRIGHT! ORSON WELLES, BELA LUGOSI, BORIS KARLOFF AND JOHN CARRADINE, PERFORM AN ANTHOLOGY OF CLASSIC HORROR STORIES MANY YEARS AGO PEOPLE GATHERED AROUND THEIR RADIOS TO HEAR THESE MASTERS OF HORROR AND SUSPENSE. NOW YOU CAN LISTEN TO THE SAME SHOWS WHICH HAVE BEEN REINCARNATED FOR THIS 3 RECORD SET! THE GREAT RADIO HORROR SHOWS. #2375/$9.95

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Squeaky doors, ghostly screams and rattling chains! A haunting collection of grizzly stereophonic sound effects. Mad howling, chilling shrieks and low moans, inside the vampire's castle and phantom's cathedral! GHOSTLY SOUNDS 2 #2372/$2.25

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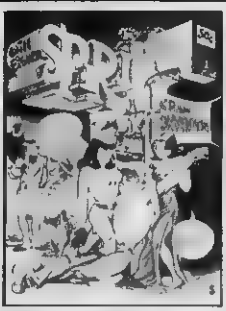
2 RARE BOOKS BY WILL EISNER!



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CRIME CONVENTION! Meet the Spirit's arch enemies, the Octopus, Max Scarr, Grumly (who almost committed the perfect crime). You will see beautiful crooks—Pantha Stalk and P'Gell. Meet Commissioner Dolan and Ebony White, who are the Spirit's cohorts in crime fighting. This fine comic book contains early post-war tales, published in 1946. Warren has acquired a limited supply of these rare underground comics and will be selling them for an astronomical low price while the supply lasts! Visit Caramba—crime capital of the world! It's really murder! #21181/$1.25

4 REPRINTS-PLUS-BRAND NEW STORIES. 10" X 7" THE SPIRIT AT HIS BEST!

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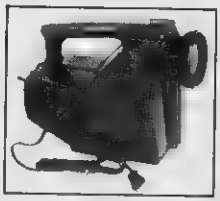

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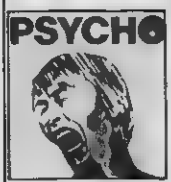
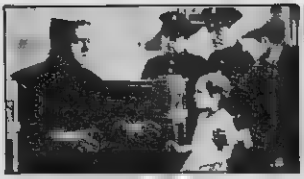


PSYCHO! A stunning Hitchcock horror classic Gory murders galore! Watch out for the psychopathic killer! #22088/$9.95

FRANKENSTEIN'S NEW BRAIN Monster with Igor's brain. He speaks then goes blind & mad with rage, destroying the lab! #22087 $9.95



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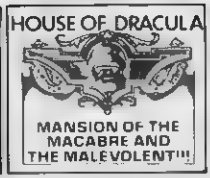
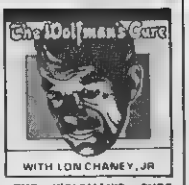


HOUSE OF DRACULA The Frankenstein monster, a vampire & a mad scientist clash! A terrifying movie great for all! #22084. $9.95



THE WOLFMAN'S CURE A mad scientist cures the werewolf From the Universal "House of Dracula" Fine flick. #22085/$9.95

COMIC BUFFS AND COLLECTORS!

The 1974 comic art convention program book from the New York comic con is available! What's it got? First, on the full color cover, it has Joe Simon's original drawing of Captain America!

Also included are an in-depth interview with Bob Kane and C.C. Beck who created Batman and Captain Marvel, Will Eisner profile by Murphy Anderson; Joe Simon article, with Simon and Kurbyart; Harvey Kurtzman and Little Annie Fanny; this & more! 100 pgs., 5-1/2"x 8-1/2" #21158/$3

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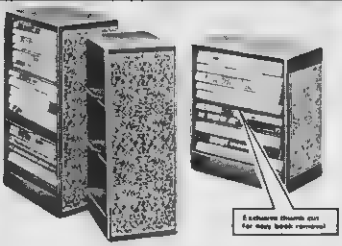

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HOLDS APP. 11 BOOKS 9-1/4"H, 8"D, 4-3/4"W #2681/$6.50 ea.

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Night Crawler! Besides the horrible Werewolf's head cab with twin lounge seats, are coffin gas tank, coffin storage chest, haunted house radiator, creaking gate windshield and the head glows in the dark! NIGHT CRAWLER #24158/$2.75

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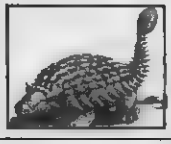
BUILD EXCITING MONSTERS



ANKYLOSAURUS. The indestructible dinosaur, with his mace-like tail & armor shell. 10-1/2" long. movable head, legs & tail. 25 snap-plastic pieces. With volcano, tree and base. Build & enjoy! #24104/$2.79

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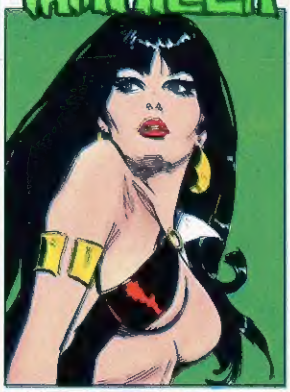

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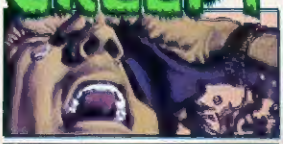

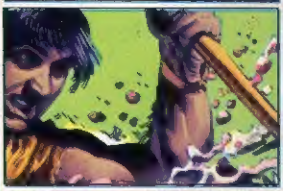

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